THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 732 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1889. SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS A COPY No. 29

COME.

BY A. Y. E.

Come, Love, come, the bonny boat
On the blue sea lies afloat,
With her red flag flying steady,
And her white wings spread already.

Come, Love, come, says hope and youth
In the glow of passionate truth;
What have we with fear to do,
We, life's own triumphant two?

Love will make and smooth the path,
Come, and face the world in faith,
What shall each fair venture feed?
Ask the waves and ask the wind.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID." "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

IRIS, as she went through the hall in her riding-habit half an hour afterwards, paused a moment at the library door, and knocked. Instead of hearing her father call out, "Come in!" she heard him walk slowly across the room and unlock the door.

"Oh, is it you?" he said, and his face cleared of the frown which it had worn, as if expecting someone else.

"Yes, dear," she said. "Did you think it would be anyone else?"

"I thought it might be Signor Ricardo," he said. "What is it, Iris?"

"Will you come with me for a ride, father?" she asked.

He thought a moment and glanced at the table. Her eyes followed his and she saw a large sheet of yellow paper or parchment spread out on the writing slope.

"Not this morning, dear," he said. "I am busy."

"Will you not? It is such a glorious day!"

He shook his head.

"No, dear, I cannot. I have a great deal to do," and he sighed. "Go and enjoy yourself," and he touched her cheek with his hand caressingly.

She bent forward and kissed his forehead, and as he went back into the room, she heard him lock the door after him. It struck her at the time as strange: the squire was not in the habit of locking himself up, seeing that there was no one in the whole place, excepting Iris, who would dare to interrupt him.

Was it against Signor Ricardo he had locked the door, and why?

She asked herself this question as she rode out of the lodge gates, with a strange feeling of uneasiness; but the afternoon was lovely, the sun shone as if it were in the month of July, and Snow was in such excellent spirits that her mind was too occupied in keeping him in order and listening to the songs of the birds to ponder over the question for long.

Reaching the heath she pulled up for a second to decide in which direction she should ride, and turned Snow's head in the opposite direction to that which she had taken yesterday; but after riding a few yards she pulled up again, and with a heightened color galloped off towards the Holt, although when she had started she had firmly resolved that she would not go anywhere near the scene of her adventure of the previous day.

Arrived at the field in which she had fought the bull, she rode up to the hedge and looked over. Her foe of yesterday was placidly cropping the grass and merely stopped for a second to look up at her as tamely and inoffensively as if he had been a heifer.

Some mischievous impulse, of which, no doubt, she would afterwards be ashamed, prompted her to leap the hedge, and she did so, and rode up to him.

He stared at her for a moment, then placidly moved a little away and returned to his dinner.

"I was right," she said to herself, "he does know me!" and a wish arose that the stranger she had rescued could have been present to acknowledge it.

Still thinking of him, she mechanically rode through the gate which they had so much difficulty in getting through yesterday, and slowly pacing towards the brook, pulled up at the spot from which she had taken the scarf.

With a dreamy thoughtful mien, a look of strange perplexity and unrest, she sat and looked down at the stream.

What had come to her? Why had she, who had so firmly resolved that she would not come near this place for at least a month, ridden here to-day?

With a sigh of annoyance she touched the rein to turn Snow, when she saw the man of whom she was thinking sitting on the bank a few yards from her, his eyes fixed upon her with an intent and eager expression.

The color dyed her face, then left it pale. She kept her eyes fixed straight before her, trying to decide whether she should notice him or not. At a little distance stood a colt tied to a tree, and from the look of the animal he had been ridden at a good pace.

Lord Coverdale sat as motionless as herself, as if waiting to see whether she would honor him by recognizing him; the seconds grew to minutes, then Iris bowed coldly, and turned as if to go.

He raised his straw hat—he was still in flannels—and came towards her, the eager, intent look had changed to one of deep pleasure, and as it seemed, gratitude.

As he approached, Iris, surveying him with her dark, clear eyes, thought that he looked even handsomer than he had done yesterday. The white flannels and his straw hat suited him, and the eager smile lent an additional charm to the frank, clean-cut face.

Her heart beat wildly—why she knew not—but she looked the image of calmness and self-possession.

"Good-afternoon," he said, raising his hat again. "We are fated to meet, so it seems."

"We have met again," replied Iris, with a faint smile; "but I don't think fate has much to do with it: this is a favorite ride of mine."

He nodded.

"I was thinking of myself, when I spoke of Fate," he said gravely. "This morning I had no idea of coming here."

"Why did you come?" she asked, and could have bitten her tongue out the next moment for having done so.

His eyes, which had been fixed on her face, dropped suddenly, then he looked up as he replied:

"I came after a belonging of mine. I left a scarf here yesterday."

Iris kept the color out of her face, and was even guilty of looking round as if in search of the lost article.

"A scarf?"

"Yes. It wasn't a very valuable one," he said, with a laugh, "but, acting on the principle of 'waste not, want not,' I thought I would come and see what had become of it."

"And you have not found it?"

He laughed again.

"Alas! no. It has either become the sport of the winds, or at this moment decks the neck of some plowboy. He would be welcome to it but for one reason."

"And what may that be?" asked Iris, leaning forward a little in her saddle, and regarding him with the calm, dreamy eyes, which acted like magnets on the souls of those who looked into them.

"Well," he said, after a slight hesitation, "I wanted it as a memento of yesterday's adventure."

Iris's cheeks grew pink, and she smiled.

"I thought you had one in your injured arm," she said.

He laughed.

"It was too slight a token. It has vanished already—not the arm, but the injury. It was only a scratch."

"I hope you will find your scarf," she said after a pause, during which a shyness seemed creeping over her, which was altogether novel and strange to her. "It was a long way to ride for it——"

"From Glossop? Yes," he said; "I came from Glossop. And I came fast. The fact is I had intended starting for France this afternoon, but—" he stopped and hesitated—"but the country looked so beautiful, and I wanted to see this brook again; to carry with me a good distinct impression of the place where I so nearly lost my life, and you so bravely saved it."

Iris's eyes dropped beneath his earnest, ardent gaze.

"And have you got the distinct impression?" she said, trying to speak carelessly.

He nodded and looked round.

"Yes; if I live to be a hundred I shall not forget it; not a tree or a gate; no, I shall not forget it," in a low voice. "You know it well; it is a favorite ride of yours?"

"Yes," she assented.

"I am glad of that," he said softly. "I shall like to think that you may come here sometimes——"

He stopped.

It was time for her to go now; the afternoon was getting late; there was no excuse for lingering in this kind of confidential conversation with a stranger, although she had plucked him off the horns of a bull; but still Iris sat leaning forward slightly, her reins held lightly in her hands, her eyes fixed dreamily upon the brook.

Suddenly a curiosity seized her: she wanted to know whether he knew who she was.

"Did you call at the farm and borrow a hat yesterday?" she asked, speaking in the most careless manner.

"No," he answered concisely, looking up at her. "Do you know why I did not go?"

She smiled, and shook her head.

"Do you know why I elected to go to Glossop bare-headed, and risk being taken up as a tramp or a lunatic? Can you not guess?"

"I am very bad at conundrums," she said indifferently. "I have not the least idea. Why?"

"I will tell you," he said slowly, and with a faint red in his bronzed cheeks. "I did not go to the farm because I should not have been able to resist temptation."

Iris laughed softly.

"To steal chickens?"

"No," he said; "but the temptation to ask who you were."

The color flooded her face, then left it in its ordinary warm ivory whiteness.

"You see," he went on in a low voice, "when you had refused to tell me your name, I felt that it would scarcely be honorable to learn it from any other source. I said to myself this lady has almost said, 'I do not wish you to know who I am,' and the least I could do in return for your saving my life was to obey your slightest wish."

Iris examined the gold handle of her riding whip minutely.

"Was I not right?" he said.

"And you have asked no one?" she said, instead of answering him.

"I have asked no one," he replied slowly and earnestly, "and I will ask no one. Until you choose to tell me your name, I elect to remain in ignorance. I said 'elect,' but—but I am not content."

Iris smiled.

"Your lack of curiosity is admirable," she said, and her eyes flashed with a spark of girlish mischief; "it would be a pity to cut short such a virtue."

"You mean that I am to remain in ignorance still?" he said gravely.

She inclined her head and smiled.

"Yes; introductions should be properly made. Ours would be too informal."

He made a little gesture of disappointment.

"I will obey you," he said. "But at any rate there can be no reason why I should not tell you mine——"

She shook her head quickly, and laughed with all a girl's wilfulness.

"No, that would not be fair," she said.

He sighed as he echoed her laugh.

"You are very hard! You will neither let me know or be known to you. I half regret my self-sacrifice, and am nearly resolved to call at the farm after all."

"No," she said; "I can trust to your instincts."

A look of gratification came into his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "you may trust me. Who knows, we may meet under circumstances which will render a proper introduction unavoidable. But it cannot be yet. I start for France to-night; my yacht is lying in Glossop harbor; and I may be away for"—he stopped—"for years. You see, I am a wanderer, and one place is as good as another to a man who has no object in life but to get through it with as little boredom as possible."

A vague feeling of disappointment and sadness had crept over Iris, and she sat motionless and speechless. He was going away, then—for years, perhaps! Come as often as she may to the brook she would not meet him again!

Her sadness seemed catching, for he sighed.

"Rather a hard lot, isn't it?" he said, smiling.

She started slightly, as if awaking from some train of thought.

"Hard?" she said.

"Yes. Most men have some object, some tie to bind them to some particular spot on earth. I have none. I am just a wanderer, and that is all. Fate has, in sportive mockery, placed me in a position which sets me apart from my fellows, and like the stormy petrel, I 'fly o'er the seas of life alone!' But I beg your pardon!" he said quickly, and as if ashamed, "I did not mean to whine——"

"You did not whine," she said.

"Thanks! I didn't mean to complain even! But you can understand now why I came back here this afternoon. In a life like mine such an adventure is one to remember and dwell upon. I am going to take it with me to think over in many an hour of solitude! I shall see my friend the bull; I shall see the sky, as it looked when I glanced up at it as I rather thought for the last time, and I shall see, more clearly and distinctly than anything else—yourself!"

His voice had dropped until it had become almost a whisper, low, and earnest, and musical.

The voice, his look, his manner, were exerting an influence over Iris which filled her with a vague uneasiness and even alarm, and fighting against the influence,

she forced a smile and said lightly:

"You will have forgotten all about it in a week!"

"Do you think so? Honestly, I mean?" he said significantly, and his eyes sought hers eagerly.

Her eyes drooped under the long lashes, and the hand that held the whip quivered.

"I think it is probable," she replied. "You will see fresh scenes, fresh people, and win fresh adventures——"

She stopped suddenly, and gathered up the reins.

"That is a polite way of saying that I am heartless and ungrateful," he said, with a reproachful smile. "Is that to be your last word to accompany me on my wanderings? Choose kinder ones, will you not?"

Iris looked from one side to the other with a little troubled look, that lent her face an exquisite softness and gentleness.

"What am I to say?" she said, with a little catch in her breath. "The ordinary ones? That I wish you every prosperity and happiness?"

"That is better!" he said earnestly. "Far—far better—that is if you really do wish me them."

"Why should I wish you otherwise?" she retorted smiling. "One might wish even one's enemy that!"

"And I am not your enemy!" he said quickly.

As he spoke he took of his hat, and held it in his head, to let the wind blow on his forehead.

Iris looked down.

"I cannot be your enemy!" he said. "Do you forget that you saved my life?"

Iris raised her eyes with a spark of playful malice in them.

"They say that to save a man's life is to make him an enemy for the rest of it," she said.

"Ah, then I will be the exception to the rule!" he retorted, not playfully by any means, but with a grave earnestness. "All through my wanderings I will keep the thought close to my heart, that though you will not tell me your name nor hear mine, I will be your friend! Yes, in spite of you!"

As he spoke he moved his hat to emphasize his words, and Iris' downcast eyes fell upon the inside of it.

As she did so, the dreamy expression in changed to one of startled surprise, which was followed, as cloud follows cloud across a summer sky, by one of consternation and even horror.

And these sudden emotions which had sent all trace of color from her face, and made its warm ivory as white as death, were caused by two words,—two printed in gold upon the hat—

"Heron Coverdale."

It was the name of the family which had always, since she could remember, been held in abhorrence by her father, a name, which she herself—why, she knew not,—had been taught to dislike and dread.

And this Heron Coverdale, one of the race which had in the past done her father some deadly injury, was the man whose life she had saved, who now pleaded that she would accept him as a friend.

No wonder her face paled, that she drew herself up in grief and dismay.

"What is the matter?" he asked quickly, apprehensively; "are you ill—or have I said anything to offend you? If I have forgive me; oh, forgive me! I would rather ——" He stopped, overwhelmed by her averted eyes, and trembling lips. "What have I said?" he asked her imploringly. "Was it wrong to say that I would consider myself your friend——"

"Yes!" she said to him quickly, and it seemed to him harshly. "There can be no friendship between you and—Let me go please!"—for, seeing her gather up her reins, he had in his excitement laid his hand upon her bridle—"Let me go, please! I have stayed too long!"

His hand fell from the bridle, and he stepped back, looking at her with amazed, sorrow-stricken eyes.

The look was too much for her. With a jerk she pulled Snow up, and trembling visibly, said brokenly:

"Good-bye! I—I—hope that we may never meet again!" and with this she struck Snow sharply with her whip.

Astonished and disgusted the horse sprang forward, and before Lord Coverdale could speak or move she had gone!

CHAPTER VIII.

ALMOST as if she feared Lord Coverdale would jump on his cob and pursue her Iris galloped at racing speed across the meadows, going as the crow flies straight over hedge and dyke.

Her brain was in a whirl, her cheeks at one moment as red as fire, the next as cold as death.

As if under a spell she had sat there—for how long?—listening to the stranger, listening with a pleasure that was none the less vivid for being unreasonable and strange.

And he was a Coverdale all the while! One of the race which she knew her father detested and hated; and which, therefore, as a dutiful daughter she ought equally to detest and abhor.

But mixed with her dismay was a feeling of sorrow and sadness that made her heart ache.

After all, what had this young man done to her that she should hate him? And what would he think of her who had thrown back his offer of friendship in his teeth?

Scarcely pulling rein she rode straight for the Holt, and flinging the bridle over the gatepost hurried up the narrow path to the door.

A comely and motherly-looking old lady, who from the window had seen her coming, opened the door and dropped a reverential and welcoming curtsey.

"I might a known it was you, Miss Iris!" she exclaimed garrulously. "There's no one in these parts as rides so helter-skelter like. But do 'ee mind now my dear! Accidents happen afore we know it—but how tired you look, my dear!" she stopped to remark.

Iris went into the sitting room, and dropping into a chair, sat looking straight before her, her bosom heaving, her eyes downcast.

"Law, miss, what have 'ee been doing?" exclaimed Mrs. Hartley. "You've been riding too hard and knocked yourself up! Dearie, dearie me, now! Let me take your hat and give 'ee a cup of tea," and with affectionate concern, she gently unfastened Iris's veil and took off her hat, passing a hand lovingly and admiringly over the soft silky hair as she did so.

"Thank you, nurse," said Iris; "do so—I am tired," then she leaned her head upon her hand, and shading her eyes gazed sadly and dreamily at the fire, revolving all that had happened to her, while Mrs. Hartley busied about that panacea for every feminine ill, a cup of tea.

"There now, my dear," she said soothingly, "you'll be better when you drink that. But you do look pale and tired. Why do 'ee ride so far and so fast, Miss Iris?"

"I have not ridden far though I have fast," said Iris, as she mechanically took the cup.

"Ah, it's the sudden warm weather," said the old lady; "it do overcome one so. Here's May only, and it might be July, mightn't it? There's one thing to be said for it, it's good weather for the chickens. How do that lot do up at the Revels that I sent last spring, my dearie? Let me give you some more cream. Will you have a little bit of toast now? Just a sippet," and the old lady fussed round her with loving solicitude.

Iris sat and submitted gently and gratefully, but her thoughts were far from spring chickens and cream, and presently the old lady, who was by no means without brains, saw it, and became quiet, taking up her work, which she had put down on her visitor's arrival, and knitting in silence; and only now and then glancing at the beautiful face wrapt in its dreamy thoughtfulness.

At last Iris looked up at the clock.

"What is the time, nurse? So late? I must be going. Nurse," as the woman took her young mistress's hat and smoothed it with her apron.

"Yes, miss; yes, my dear," said the old woman, for Iris had paused, and her face had become crimson, for a second.

"You know a great deal about us—about the family, I mean?"

"I was at the Revels before your father, the squire, brought you from Italy, dear," said the old woman.

Iris nodded, and leaned her face on her hands, her large eyes fixed on the old woman's face.

"Do you know anything about the Coverdales—can you tell me anything about them?"

Mrs. Hartley's face grew grave, and she set the hat down on the table.

"What put it into your head to ask that, miss?" she inquired.

Iris blushed, and shifted her hand so that it hid her face.

"Never mind, nurse. Answer me! What do you know about them? Why do we—my father, I mean—never speak of them?"

"Because there is no love lost between the Knightons and the Coverdales, Miss Iris," said the the old woman. "Wasn't there some story in history of two families as didn't get on, and was always quarrelling?"

"Not history; it is a play," said Iris. "You are thinking of Romeo and Juliet."

"Aye, that's it, I make no doubt," assented Mrs. Hartley. "Well, it's the same with the Knightons and the Coverdales. They was always on opposite sides, miss, and they always will be."

Iris sighed softly.

"But that's all past and gone," she said. "Why should not they be friends now, nurse?" and her voice was almost piteous and imploring.

Mrs. Hartley shook her head.

"Quarrels run in families like moles and freckles, miss," she said. "And the quarrel between the Knightons and the Coverdales is always alive and burning! Besides, they owe each other a grudge of yesterday, as you may say. But there, I'd best not speak of it!"

"Yes, yes!" said Iris, pushing the hair from her brow with an impatient gesture. "Why should you not? I am no longer a child!"

The old woman regarded her tenderly.

"You were a beautiful child, dearie," she said, "and you are a very beautiful girl! No, you are no longer a child!" and she looked at her as if realizing it for the first time.

"Very well, then," said Iris, smiling sadly; "answer me as you would a woman. Why does my father hate the Coverdales?"

"Because the Knightons have always hated them, and because the last of the Coverdales wronged your father, dearie," said the old woman.

"Wronged him?"

"Yes, my dear. He robbed him of his bride the day before the wedding. It almost broke your father's heart. He left England, and we thought he'd never get over it, and would never marry. But he did; he married an Italian lady, and brought you home to be his dear daughter and lawful heiress. Some said that he'd married to spite the Coverdales."

"To spite the Coverdales!"

Mrs. Hartley nodded sapiently.

"Yes, my dear. Because, don't you see, if your father hadn't married, the Coverdales would have come into the Revels, and all the property, which would have been a fine thing for them—for they are, and always were, as poor as church mice. As they deserve to be!" added the old lady grimly.

"But who could have come into it?" demanded Iris. "You talk of 'the Coverdales'; but I want to know who they are."

"There's only one that I know of," said Mrs. Hartley; "that's Lord Drewin Coverdale, him as run away with your father's young lady. Lor', now I think of it, I did read that he was dead, and that his nephew, quite a young man, had got the title. Of course!"

Iris colored and drooped her eyes.

"Do you—do you remember his name, nurse?" she said in a low voice.

Mrs. Hartley pondered a moment with her head on one side.

"I read it in the paper," she said musingly; "but my memory isn't what it was. The name was something like Hawken or ——"

"Heron," suggested Iris, her face crimson, then white.

"Heron it was! Lor', how clever you are, Miss Iris, to hit upon it all at once like that! Yes, 'Heron' was the name."

There was silence for a moment, while Iris gazed sadly at the fire.

"And but for me—if I had not been born—this young man would have owned the Revels and Beverley?" she said, in a low voice.

Mrs. Hartley nodded cheerily.

"Yes, Miss Iris; this young gentleman would be the squire's heir, if it wasn't for you! But, bless the Lord, here you are; and he won't have a penny to fly with! But—" with sudden apprehension—"you won't tell the squire as we were talking about the Coverdales, dearie? He would never forgive me! The name ain't allowed to be spoken at the Revels, by high or low, and it isn't for the likes of me——"

Iris rose and put on her hat.

"Don't be afraid, nurse," she said sadly; "I am not likely to speak of it."

She was silent a moment, while the old woman arranged her veil.

"Did—did you ever see this young man, Heron Coverdale—Lord Coverdale, I suppose he is?"

"Lord Coverdale he is, miss, of course, now his uncle's dead. No, I never saw him, and never heard of him; but I'll be bound he's no good! No Coverdale ever was!"

Iris colored, and turned quickly, but seeing how futile any remonstrance against such a feeling as was exhibited by the old lady would be, bent forward and kissed her instead.

"Good-bye, nurse," she said. "I feel all the better for your cup of tea. I will come and see you again soon, and tell you how the last batch of chickens have got on."

"Aye, dearie, come as often as you can," returned the old lady, gazing at her lovingly. "And mind," she added, as Iris slipped into the saddle, "don't you say a word to the squire about the Coverdales!"

It was not a very long ride from the Holt to the Revels, but it was not until the dressing bell had rung that she reached home, and Snow was all in a lather and sweat.

Signor Ricardo had also returned, not having broken his neck as some of the stablemen had predicted, and Iris, when she went down to dinner, found him in the drawing room talking to her father, who stood with his hands folded behind him, his eyes fixed on the carpet, as if he were not listening to a single word.

Iris was not in the mood for talking, and the signor had the conversation all to himself.

He seemed in the very best of spirits, and all through the dinner his soft, mellow voice ran on like a stream.

Iris noticed that sometimes her father seemed so lost in thought, as to answer the signor's questions at random, and quite wide of the mark; but Signor Ricardo did not seem to mind it in the least.

He ate of every dish,—and the Revels menu was a lavish and comprehensive one, and drank of every wine, and when Iris left the table, the signor was embarking on his second bottle of Chateau la Rose.

She was glad to get out of the sound of his ceaseless voice, and coiling herself up on a couch beside a fire in a drawing room, gave herself up to thoughts of—Heron Coverdale.

At this moment, doubtless, he was on the ocean, asking himself—as he had asked himself ever since she had left him—why she had left him, why she had spoken as she had done, and what he had said to offend her!

Tea was brought in, but the two men did not appear.

An hour passed, and still Iris found herself sitting alone and thinking of Heron Coverdale.

Presently the door opened, and the squire and his strange guest appeared.

"Pardon, Miss Iris!" exclaimed the signor, "Your father and I have been talking over old times, dear, precious old times, and had forgotten the passing of this present hour! We pray your forgiveness!"

Iris inclined her head, and poured them out their tea.

As she gave a cup to her father, she noticed that he looked pale and worn, and that the dark frown, which was too often a visitor to his brow, was sterner and darker even than usual.

"You look tired, father," she said in a gentle tone.

He started slightly, and smiled down at her tenderly.

"I am tired," he said wearily. "Signor Ricardo will excuse us if we retire early tonight!"

The signor expressed himself as tired also, but he beseeched, implored that Miss Iris would sing one, just one song before they retired.

The frown darkened on the squire's brow, but the signor looked at him with a smile and gleam of his white teeth, and the squire nodded towards the piano.

"Sing for the signor, Iris," he said.

Iris would gladly have refused; but she rose and went to the piano and sung. It was a sad little song, and as she sang the face and voice of Heron Coverdale—the enemy of her house, the man whose life she had saved—seemed to rise before her.

The squire listened with a dark, repelling frown, while the signor beat time with the white forefinger of his left hand upon the soft palm of his right.

"Exquisite! Charming! Beautiful!" he murmured. "Ah, my friend," and he turned with a grin to Godfrey Knighton, "does it not remind you of her sainted mother?"

Godfrey Knighton's face turned white, and his eyes seemed to emit a fire of rage and defiance, then, as if controlling himself with an effort, he said:

"Iris, your voice sounds as if you were tired also. Do not sing again."

The candles were brought and the signor bending over Iris' hand with an elaborate curtsey, took himself off to that rest which belongs by right to the good and the virtuous.

Two hours afterwards, however, when all was still in the great house, the signor, in his shabby seedy velvet coat, and wearing his thick flat slippers, might have been seen creeping noiselessly and cautiously down the principal staircase.

Step by step he descended until he reached the hall.

Round him, in their heavy and time-stained frames, glowered the dead and gone Knightons, and they seemed to look down threateningly at that creeping, gliding foreigner, with his pale, cunning face, and black treacherous eyes.

The signor raised the dark lantern above his head and looked round him cautiously, and stood listening with his head on one side.

There was not a sound to be heard save that of the tall clock in the angle of the stairs, slowly and mechanically ticking out the hours, and the signor, making his way to the library door, opened it with his skeleton key and passed in.

Setting the lantern on the table, with its light full upon the safe, he stood before it and regarded it carefully, while he chose a key that he thought would fit it."

But though it was an old one, it was a trustworthy safe, and it laughed the signor's delicate manipulation to scorn. Key after key, pick after pick, he tried in vain, and at last, reluctantly, and with the sweat standing in beads on his white forehead, he had to acknowledge himself beaten.

"Peste!" he exclaimed, "what is to be done? I must, I will see what is inside you, my friend, and yet you will not open! You oyster! What is to be done? Where does he keep the key? On that bunch I saw him take from his pocket! Humph! I'll chance it! He ought to sleep well after the wine he took to-night. I'll chance it anyway!"

Having arrived at this resolution, the signor stole out of the room and up the stairs again.

With stealthy tread he reached Godfrey Knighton's door, and there paused and listened.

Still no sound broke the silence of the great house but the ticking of the clock, and cautiously and carefully the signor, opened the door and stole in.

For a moment he stood on the Persian mat within the threshold of the room, listening, for to the bravest there is something awe-inspiring in sleep, which is but the counterfeit of Death, and the signor was anything but the bravest.

A minute—two, perhaps—might have passed before he gained courage to advance, then, with a muttered malediction at his nervousness, he crept on tiptoe to the dressing-table, and, his bead-like eyes resting on a bunch of keys, he pounced on it and noiselessly stole out again.

CHAPTER IX.

RICARDO unlocked the safe, and stood regarding the contents for a moment with greedy, curious eyes.

One by one he took the papers from their shelves and drawers, carefully noting how they were placed that he might re-arrange them in the order in which he found them, and seating himself at the table commenced examining them.

There were leases, titles, deeds, insurance policies; then, in a parcel by themselves, came a lot of stock and share certificates.

Ricardo's mouth watered at the sight of these valuables, and his soul grew thirsty when he came to a cash box; but with a sigh of resignation he put them back to their place in the safe; whatever in the future he might be tempted to do, he could not take them to-night; seeing that Godfrey Knighton might chance to examine the safe on the morrow and would therefore miss them.

Presently he came to an inner drawer, and unlocking it by a small key which he found on the bunch, he discovered a folded sheet of parchment.

It was endorsed "Will of Godfrey Knighton, Esquire," and with a low chuckle of satisfaction Ricardo carried it to the table.

"Now we will see how my old friend is going to leave all his vast wealth, and whether any of it goes to our young friend, my Lord Coverdale," he muttered, and opening the parchment he read it through twice with the greatest care.

Then he looked up and an evil smile shone in his eyes.

"Every single penny, every acre of land, and every piece of plate, and every horse and cow to our charming and beautiful Miss Iris!" he said; "and nothing; not a scrap for our friend the lord. Exactly as I thought! But it is best to make sure, Baptiste; a good business man always makes sure. Now I know what you are going to do with your wealth, friend, I will put back this interesting little sheepskin until a more convenient opportunity. It is a good thing to know where to find it when you want it though; and so I will take the opportunity of providing myself with a key like my dear Godfrey's."

With exquisite delicacy he moulded a piece of wax and took an impression of the keys, replaced the will, and locking the safe, carefully setting the articles on the table and the chairs as he had found them when he had entered, left the room.

Cautiously ascending the stairs, he entered the squire's chamber, and, stealing on tiptoe, laid the keys upon the dressing-table in the spot from which he had taken them.

Then he paused a moment, listening, and glancing round the room. There was a small iron box let into the wall beside the bed, and Ricardo glanced at it longingly.

He had not heard of the Knighton diamonds, which were famous ones, but he knew that there must be family jewels, and that Iris must possess some, as her own property, of great value.

"They are in that little box!" he murmured almost plaintively. "I must have one small look—just one!"

Taking the keys again, he approached the bed and stole a glance at the sleeping squire. It was only a glance, for even in sleep Godfrey Knighton inspired fear, and with a little click of his teeth the signor turned from the bed, and quietly fitting the key in the lock, opened the iron treasure box.

His guess had been perfectly correct. There, in their morocco cases, were the Knighton jewels, and as he took them up and held them in the light of the lantern, his swarthy face flushed and paled, and his breath came fast.

"Peste!" he murmured. "Some men would be content with these. But no, not you, Baptiste; you are not a fool! Not quite! Wait a while, and you shall have money enough to buy twice these baubles, rich as they are!"

But it was with a slow and painful reluctance that he put the cases back in their place; so slowly and reluctantly, indeed, that he seemed to forget where he was, and the danger of the sleeping man awaking.

Suddenly as he stood with his gleaming teeth clenched, his eyes fixed on the cases, there shot a streak of light full upon the box.

It was only a beam from the young moon emerging from a cloud, but Ricardo's nerves were strained to their utmost, and the case he held in his hand fell to the floor with a sharp little crash.

In an instant he dropped on to his hands and knees, and commenced to crawl towards the door, every limb seeming to turn to an ear in his acute attention.

The sound must awake the squire, he would find the box open—Ricardo would be discovered, all would be lost! all his nice little plans for securing a magnificent fortune would be ruined.

He waited a second, his heart beating fast, as he crouched like a cat beside the bed. The second passed and there came no sound from the sleeping man, and Ricardo's courage returned somewhat. Still on his knees he crawled back to the box, and putting the case straight locked the door.

As he did so, with the keys still in his hand, he drew near the bed and ventured to bend down.

The moon was pouring a single shaft through a chink of the blinds full upon the face of Godfrey Knighton, and every line of the stern, sad face stood out in the white, clear light.

Ricardo looked down at the squire with a sinister smile, but suddenly the smile died away, and he bent lower and scrutinized the sleeping man keenly.

What was it he saw that made him recoil as if he had been struck? What was it that made his face turn white and then livid, and the sweat stand out upon his forehead in great beads? What was it that caused him to shake and tremble like a man in an ague, so that the dark-lantern in his hand swung like a pendulum?

He shrank back from the bed step by step, still staring with distended eyes, until he backed up against the wall, and there the nameless horror seized upon him more fully still, and he slipped to the ground, and crouched there while one could count twenty.

At last he rose, and wiping his clammy forehead with his hand, muttered:

"Steady, Baptiste! Keep your head, my friend! This—this—is rather sudden and unexpected! Saints and angels, yes! But keep steady, Baptiste! Let me think—think!"

Dragging himself to the chair near the bed, he dropped into it, and drawing the curtain with a trembling hand, so that he could not see the face lying behind it, he pressed his white, shivering hand to his brow and pondered.

He sat thus for quite five minutes, then, still white and trembling, took the keys for the second time that night, and cautiously stole down-stairs.

He went to the dining-room and found the liquor-stand, and got a glass of curacoa to steady his nerves—the glass clinking against the bottle in a horrible manner—then went to the library, unlocked the safe, and took out the will.

He looked hard at the cash-box, but put it back unopened and shook his head.

"No, no, Baptiste! You cannot be too careful—under the circumstances!"

Then he thrust the will into his pocket and went into the hall; but, with his hand upon the balustrade, he paused and considered, his brow knit into deep wrinkles.

Up in their frames the Knightons looked down at the thief, some frowning, some smiling; but Signor Ricardo was not affected by them: he had seen something that night more terrible than family portraits.

After thinking for a few minutes, he stole to a small glass door leading from the hall to an enclosure, which was called the walled garden, a favorite spot of Iris's.

Unfastening the door, he stepped out, and taking care to keep in the shadow, leant against the wall and drank in the cool night air.

Then he crept along the wall until he came to a small sundial. At the foot of this was a small heap of stones, built up in the semblance of rockwork.

The dial and its rusty pedestal had probably stood in the walled garden for centuries; there was moss upon the stones, and lichens in the interstices.

Ricardo looked around him with the stealthy alertness of a cat, then going on his knees, carefully removed some of the stones.

He did this with his usual adroitness, his white slender fingers loosening the stones so gently that scarcely a piece of moss was disturbed.

When he had raised three of the stones, and thereby made a hole, he laid the will in it, and carefully put the stones in their place again.

Stepping back a pace or two he regarded the rockwork closely and scrutinizingly, and then nodded with satisfaction.

The keenest eyes could not have detected any disturbance of the stones, which had stood for centuries, until the Italian's white, pilfering fingers had broken their long rest.

Then, with a sigh of relief, Ricardo retraced his steps, and up the great staircase, made his way to his own room.

It was noticeable that, as he passed the squire's door, he shrank away from it, describing a semi-circle, and that the shudder which had convulsed his frame as he bent over the bed shook through all his limbs now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GOLDEN FLOWER.—Literally the word Chrysanthemum means "gold flower," this title being given to the original blossom. Cultivation, however, has produced it of all colors, the favorite in Germany being a deep purple. Every peasant has a plot of purple Chrysanthemums and generally of the commonest species. In the southern part of Germany young girls call them "Remorse Flowers." The reason is said to be the following:

Chrissy was a devout maiden, who lived on a mountain in the Black Forest, and occupied her time in making her wedding garments, as all German maidens do from the age of eleven, hence, when the good man comes, later on, she has her outfit and a large chest of linen, and knitting for the poor; on week days for her friends, and on Sundays for the poor, and it is considered no sin—charity covers the occupation with a corner of her broad mantle, but we fear if there were no Sunday the poor would often go bare-footed in Germany.

She was the pride of the village, and always wore Chrysanthemums when in season, hence her name. Loved by a duke, she loved only the young priest of the little church who returned her love and could only speak it through the flower.

Finally, they flew, or escaped from the village, and after weeks of weary travel, saying their prayers night after night with leaves of the dried Chrysanthemums, living upon pounded corn and goat's milk, not daring to apply for food from the good farmers for fear of detection, they arrived at a small village, and there remorse came to them, both fell ill, and a spirit appeared and it was clothed in a robe of purple Chrysanthemums.

The legend goes on that she died, and that he remained where she was buried and grew these Remorse flowers until by the sale of them he had money enough to build a little church, he working day by day with the laborers in hewing the rock and aiding in erecting the little chapel. He died and was buried near by. As proof of this the chapel is still shown.

It is a lively spark of nobleness to descend in most favor to one when he is lowest in affliction.

Bric-a-Brac.

WHICH WAY?—A mechanical puzzle has been propounded which bids fair to enlist much speculation. A pair of car wheels and an axle are resting on a piece of level track. A rope made fast to the axle and so wound round it that when the rope is pulled the tendency of the wheel is to come towards you; while at the same time, if the wheels revolve they must move from you. If the rope is pulled, in what direction will the wheels run? Will they move away from the spectator or toward him?

PRECIOUS STONES.—The torquoise is still the favorite engagement ring in Germany, and is supposed to prevent dissensions between husband and wife, and also to warn them against danger. The diamond is said to be an antidote for temptation by the devil; the ruby implants bravery in the wearer; the topaz is a preventive of poisons; the amethyst against drunkeness. The turquoise counteracts the effects of the "evil eye." The emerald leads one to piety. The sardonyx is at once a bane and a blessing. The opal must always be set with other stones or it will bring bad luck.

ST. PAUL'S.—The last saint's day in January is St. Paul's, kept on the twenty-fifth, is a festival alike of the English and Roman Catholic Churches. Saint Paul seems to be more the patron saint of weather than anything else, at any rate to our forefathers, for with them fair weather on Saint Paul's Day use to forbode a prosperous and fortunate year. Snow and rain on this day betokened a dear year and unfruitful; clouds, great mortality among cattle; winds, the fore-runner of war. If the twenty-fifth of January proved bad in Germany from a weather point of view, the common people use to drag images of Saint Paul and Saint Urban to the river and give them a good ducking as a sort of derisive punishment.

THE IRON CROSS.—During the German war with the great Napoleon, when the boys and even old men rushed to arms; when he who could not enter the ranks gave his money; and he who had no money gave his labor, the Prussian women were no whit behind. Perceiving that the exchequer could not hold out, they came forward and poured in of their costly jewels to the treasury, and for these free gifts of inestimable value, each received a simple iron cross, and these same iron crosses have become the most valued heirlooms in many of the old Prussian families. The order is the most noble in Germany, yet the heroism which gave rise to it is almost forgotten, or if remembered, regarded with indifference.

KING ARTHUR.—Excalibar, the famous sword of King Arthur, often spoken of in poetry, according to some accounts, was given to the king by the Lady of the Lake; according to others, it suddenly appeared, enclosed in a magic stone as in a sheath, during the vacancy on the throne of Britain, occasioned by the death of Arthur's father, Uther Pendragon. A legend round it proclaimed that he who could draw it from its sheath was the rightful heir. This Arthur succeeded in doing, after two hundred and one famous barons had failed. When Arthur felt himself dying, he sent Sir Bedivere to cast the weapon back into the lake, and an arm clothed in white samite appeared above the surface of the waters, waved it thrice and disappeared with it.

TWELFTH DAY.—Thomas Tusser, the poet of Queen Mary's time—who has left us in his verses a clear insight into the customs which prevailed in the past—recommends the farmers, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," to prune his trees of their superfluous boughs in the month of January, that the cattle may browse upon them. For sheep he advised the farmer to use myrtle and ivy as food. In Gloucestershire, all the servants of every farmer assemble in Twelfth Day Eve in one of the fields that has been sown with wheat. At the end of twelve lands, they make twelve fires in a row with straw, around one of which, made larger than the rest, they drink a cheerful glass of cider to their masters' health, and success to the future harvest, then returning home they feast on cakes, made with carraways, soaked in cider, which they claim as a reward for past labor in sowing the grain.

YOU AND I.

BY E. M.

We stood by the shining summer sea,
You and I;
And you whispered some old sweet words to me,
'Neath the opal sky.
Red sunset tints crept over the sand
As we lingered together, hand in hand,
Loth to part,
For 'the light that was never on sea or land'
Shone in each heart.

We stood once more by the shining sea,
You and I;
But you whispered no old sweet words to me
'Neath the cloudy sky.
The wind went sobbing along the sand;
I shivered, and felt no clasping hand,
We met to part;
And the shadows that deepened on sea and land
Fell o'er my heart.

A GOLDEN PRIZE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "MY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

WITH a low cry Nellie sank down and hid her face on Kate's knees.

"I cannot bear it," she said, brokenly. "You make me feel ashamed to hear you. Ashamed that I should ever have thought harshly of you. But it will never come true what you say, how could it possibly? How could he forget you, you who are so beautiful, and give a thought to me who am so different? Do you think I don't know the difference between us—you, a lady, and I, only a common girl? And he is a gentleman! And he thinks of me as a sister, just that and no more, and, oh, no, no! it will never be!"

Kate bent over her and stroked the golden hair with a soothing touch.

"Yes, Nellie," she said slowly and dreamily, "it must be so. And there is something else I should tell you. I have wronged him unwittingly, and the man I have married has cruelly and knowingly wronged him, and—but he shall tell you in his own time, perhaps on the day when he comes and tells you that he loves you."

She sank back nearly outworn.

"I think I will try and rest now, dear," she said, faintly. "Don't cry any more, Nellie. Your crying days are nearly over, and life lie before you all bright with sunshine. Will you give me one kiss, Nellie, to show me that all the coldness has gone out of your heart?" she added, suddenly.

Nellie raised her hands and put her arms round Kate with an articulate cry, and kissed her; then, with her head bowed, she stole from the room.

Kate sat, with her hands clasped, looking before her into vacancy.

She had done her duty both by him and the girl who loved him, and whose love would more than console him for the loss of herself; but the doing of it had been cruelly hard, and her heart felt bruised and lacerated by the ordeal.

After a time she undressed, and stretched herself wearily on the bed, and tried to sleep; but though she lay perfectly still, so still that Nellie, who crept in, thought that she was asleep, she could not sleep.

The night passed, and the early rays of the sun filled the room with gray light.

She rose with a start, for, though she had not slept, she had been in a kind of stupor bred by her intense mental and physical exhaustion.

Back upon her mind came the whole weight of her position.

She was here, within reach of Desmond Carr-Lyon, under the roof of the girl who loved him; and this meant that she was an incumbrance to the one and a source of temptation to the other.

"I cannot stay here—I cannot," she murmured, almost desperately. "I cannot see him again! It would be more than I could bear! Let me hide myself from his sight and hers!"

She dressed herself quietly, and looked out of the window.

It was too early for the quarrymen, and no one seemed moving.

Impelled by the desire to escape the torture of another meeting with the man she loved, she stole down the stairs, and out into the morning air.

As she stood for a moment to look round, she heard a man's footstep on the path beneath. She glided behind the shelter of a lilac bush, and waited trembling.

The footsteps came nearer, and in a few moments Desmond came up to the cottage.

He was pale and haggard, and she knew instinctively that he had been up all night.

He stood for two—three minutes, looking up at the window; then he paced to and fro for another moment, and then slowly and with a backward, wistful glance at the window, went down the path.

Again instinctively Kate knew that he had spent the night beneath her window, and that even now he could scarcely tear himself away.

Stifling a cry, she held out her arms in the direction he had gone, and a long sob broke from her lips.

"Oh, my love, my love! Good-bye for ever!" she murmured; and turning, walked quickly away in the direction of the station.

* * * * * *

"Early train in half-an-hour, miss," the porter answered to Kate's inquiry, and she went and sat down in the waiting room, where a chilly fire was struggling feebly for existence.

Besides herself there was only one other passenger, an old woman with a market basket on her arm, who was going, she informed Kate, to see her married daughter, who had just had her first baby.

The pallor and wanness of Kate's face, perhaps, appealed to the old lady's sympathy, for when the journey was almost half performed, she opened her basket, and quickly taking out a bottle of milk and some bread and butter, offered some to her.

"If I don't make too bold, miss; but it's pleasanter to eat in company than alone," she said respectfully and with the true delicacy of simple natures.

Kate accepted a draught of the milk gratefully, and ate a slice of bread and butter, and the old woman persuaded her to lie down on a seat.

"You look tired and worn-out, miss," she said. "You won't be fit for nothing when you get to London, and your friends will be quite upset at seeing you so pale like."

Kate smothered a sigh. Her friends!

The train, a slow one, reached the terminus at last, and Kate inquired of a porter to which station she must go for the continental train.

He put her into a cab and told the man to drive her to Victoria, and, still dazed and bewildered, she found herself at the terminus.

Making her way to the booking-office, she asked for a ticket; the man got it and named the required sum.

She took out her purse, and with a dull sense of misfortune saw that all she possessed in the world would only suffice to pay three parts of the amount.

For a moment she stood looking at the man, and he with his usual impatience regarding her.

Then she pushed the ticket back, and saying:

"I have changed my mind; I cannot take it," left the booking-office, and went back to the station.

She was now utterly overwhelmed. The one idea, that of flying for refuge to Lady Warner, had taken such complete possession of her to the exclusion of any other that, now its execution was impossible, she was rendered utterly helpless.

Mechanically she sank down on one of the seats, and with her hands lying clasped in her lap, looked with unseeing eyes at the bustle round her.

For half-an-hour she sat thus, trying to realise her helplessness and solitude. Alone in this great city, flying from her husband, without a friend to whom she could go, and with only a few pounds in her purse, whither should she go, and what would become of her?

The full sense of her situation broke upon her after a time, and with an inarticulate cry she put her hand to her eyes, and the tears welled out.

The porters passed her and looked at her curiously; now and again a passenger, hurrying to or from the trains, half paused and regarded her, then, like the Levite, passed on; but no one seemed to think that the evident distress of the lonely figure was any concern of his.

Presently a woman came near. She was walking with a quick, firm step, and held her head high, while her eyes looked about her with an alert and almost searching expression.

She was rather overdressed, and there was something remarkable and out of the ordinary both in her face and bearing.

She stopped as she came abreast of the seat and looked at Kate with a quick, sharp scrutiny.

Then she, too, passed on; but after a few steps she stopped and turned back.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "can I do anything for you?"

Kate started, and looked up, and made an effort to hide the tears.

"No, thank you," she said very tremulously.

"All right! I beg your pardon," said the woman; then she added, "You're in some trouble, ain't you? You've been crying, I can see! Have you lost your train, or your friends. Shall I get a porter for you?"

"No, no," said Kate again; "I—I have not lost my train, and I have no friends!—I have lost no friends," she corrected herself, but the woman's ears were very sharp.

"You shouldn't sit here—alone," she said, after another scrutiny of the lovely face; and the words, though seemingly harsh, were not so in tone.

Kate looked up desperately.

"Thank you, I know. But—but—"

She forced a smile that was more piteous than tears.

"I do not know quite where else to go."

The good Samaritan went and sat down beside her.

"You don't know where to go?" she said. "But there, I beg your pardon, it's no business of mine. Only—it seems rather curious. If I can help you—where do you want to go?" she broke off by inquiring.

"To Nice," said Kate. "I have a friend there to whom I want to go, and—" she blushed—"I find I have not enough money with me."

A slight shade of suspicion came over her companion's face, but after another glance at Kate, it passed.

"Well, then," she said, "you must go back to where you started from; that's plain, isn't it?"

Kate colored and her eyes fell, then she raised them and looked steadily into the woman's sharp ones.

"I cannot do that," she said. "Don't think me ungrateful for your sympathy," she added, with that sweetness which moved all hearts, as she drew her breath; "but I cannot do what you advise—natural as it seems."

The woman got up.

"Very well," she said. "I wish I could help you, I don't like to see one so young and—" "beautiful" she was going to say, but stopped herself—"in such trouble and alone. Good-morning," and she turned to go, but once more she stopped. "Look here," she said, as if half ashamed of her soft-heartedness, "I can't leave you here like this. I've been in trouble myself. How much do you want?" and she took out her purse.

"Oh, no, no!" said Kate, faintly, drawing back.

"You needn't hesitate," said the woman. "You're a lady, I can see that, and though you happen to be short of money, I daresay it's only an accident. I'll lend you what you want, and when you get to Nice, you can send it to me."

The tears were very near Kate's eyes again.

The woman turned and sharply put a question to a passing porter, then she said to Kate:

"Come along, you haven't much time. Where is your luggage?"

Kate started, and the hot blood mounted to her face. With a dazed look she faltered out:

"My luggage? I haven't any! I—I forgot!"

And indeed she had forgotten everything save the bare outline of her idea—to get to Lady Warner's side.

The woman stared.

"Going to Nice without luggage?" she said, "Why—why, I never heard of such a thing. You couldn't do it, could you? Oh, take my advice, and go back to your friends."

Kate sank back on her seat and drew her veil down with trembling hands.

"I—I cannot do that," she said, then she burst out: "Oh, please go and leave me! I—I am very grateful to you—you have been very kind, and indeed I am grateful, but——"

The woman did not go but stood looking down at her.

"Don't cry," she said presently; "there's no use in that, miss. I can see you are in trouble; as I said, I've been in trouble myself, and I won't desert you. You can't stop here, you can see that for yourself. Will you come home with me? I'm respectable," she added brusquely and with a heightened color.

Kate might have hesitated and refused but for that last sentence.

She rose at once, and held out her hand.

"I will go with you," she said simply. "If you have been in trouble you can feel for me. I am alone, quite—quite alone, and I do not know what to do——"

"Come along," said the woman decisively. "When things are at their worst they take a turn, they say."

Kate made no reply to this piece of cheering philosophy, and the two women left the station.

The good Samaritan called a cab, and motioned to Kate to get in, and told the man to drive to one of the streets in the Edgeware Road.

In a very few minutes they reached their destination, and the woman, opening the door of the house with a latch key, led the way up a flight of stairs to a room on the first floor.

"Now," she said, "sit down and take your things off, and don't trouble to talk till you like, I can wait."

Kate looked round her in dazed and speechless astonishment.

The room was a large one, and rather shabbily furnished; but there its likeness to an ordinary room ceased, for, in addition to the furniture, were half-a-dozen stands like lay figures, upon which were arranged ancient and modern costumes.

On one was the dress of an Italian peasant, on another a suit of armor which might have been worn by Joan of Arc, while a third supported a Grecian tunic; richly-colored cloaks and scarves lay in a confused heap upon chairs, and on a small table were arranged half-a-dozen wigs, some with long flaxen hair, and others with short golden curls.

For a while, Kate forgot her misery in astonished curiosity.

Meantime, the woman who had befriended her had put some food on the table, and drew up a chair for Kate.

"Don't shake your head," she said. "The greatest trouble in this world isn't worth starving for," and Kate went and sat down; but her eyes still wandered to the strange objects in the room, and her companion, observing her, said, with a smile:

"You are looking at my properties, I see. Pretty, some of them, ain't they?"

Kate colored.

"I was looking at them," she admitted.

"And wondering what they meant?" said the woman.

"Yes," assented Kate, and it flashed upon her that the kind-hearted woman must be an actress.

"Well, it's only natural you should be curious," said her companion, "they're costumes — artists' costumes. I'm an artist's model," she added, almost defiantly.

Kate looked as if she scarcely understood.

"I'm a model for artists to paint from," explained the woman drily. "Perhaps you are sorry you came with me?"

"Sorry I came? Oh, why should I be?" faltered Kate.

"Well, I didn't know. Some people—the people that are so good that they think evil of everybody else—look down upon us, and consider an artist's model as not respectable. I didn't know whether you might be one."

"I'm afraid I'm not good, then," said Kate, with a sad smile.

The woman's face cleared again.

"Yes, I'm an artist's model," she went on; "and those things you see there are what I wear. It isn't usual for models to keep costumes, but it was an idea of my own. You see, a good many artists, young and struggling ones, are too poor to buy costumes, and the people who let them out, charge a good deal for them; so I thought if I could get some together, and charge a little more for sittings, it would pay. That is a Joan o' Arc armor. I have that for a young painter who is painting a picture of her; he'll be famous some day, but he lives on a crust a day just at present. And that's a Roman costume—Lucretia, lying dead. And that's Marguerite, there—Marguerite, in Faust, you know—I wear that yellow wig with it, because Marguerite was fair, and I'm dark. I'm bothering you, I expect; but there, perhaps I've made you forget your own trouble for a minute or two. I've had trouble myself, and I know what the strain is."

Her face hardened and her brows drew together, and a strange look came into her eyes, that made Kate shrink a little.

"You said you were alone in the world," said the woman, "and it was that that drew me towards you. I'm alone! I haven't a friend—not one?"

She stopped and looked moodily at the opposite wall, then suddenly turned her eyes on Kate.

"I'd better tell you my name," she said; "it's Jess Playford. You know what I am, and that's all!"

"I know that you have been very good to me," she said in a low voice. "What—oh, what should I have done, what would have become of me, if you had not found me, and taken pity on me? Only one who has been in trouble herself could have so kind a heart."

She paused, then went on:

"My name is Kate Meddon," she said, resolving at that instant that she would not bear the name of the man to whom she had been married in name only.

"Mrs. Meddon?" asked Jess, as she glanced at the wedding ring on Kate's finger.

Kate flushed hotly, and she hung her head.

"There—there," said Jess. "I've touched a sore place——"

"No, no," said Kate. "I will tell you. That is my maiden name; I did not give you my husband's because I have left him."

She managed to keep her voice steady, but her lips quivered.

Jess leaned her elbows on the table and watched her with a strange look.

"It's his fault, not yours," she said. "You needn't tell me. I can read faces, and I can read yours. It is the old story," she exclaimed, closing her strong supple hands and letting them fall upon the table with suppressed rage and impatience. "The old story that's as old as the hills! Whether it's the man or the woman that does the wrong, it's the woman that suffers! Yes!" she thrust a few tangles of her dark hair from her forehead with a restless, impatient gesture, and her large black eyes glittered vengefully. "It's always we who have to bear the brunt and the burden; and the world, that has only smiles for the men, has nothing but scorn and contempt for us, the women," and she laughed, a hard, mirthless laugh.

Kate looked at her in rapt attention as she sat there, with the hard, restless look in her eyes and lips, and laughed at the bitter laugh.

Some memory struggled for existence in Kate's dazed brain.

It seemed to her that she had seen her before, and yet she could not recall the time or place.

Jess, indeed, had changed much since Kate had caught a faint glimpse of her on the cliff; had grown thinner and more refined, and it was not likely that Kate would recognise her.

Jess sat looking straight before her as if lost in bitter reflection.

"Yes," she said. "But the task gets harder sometimes, most women grin and bear it; and let the man who has crushed them go on his way to work harm to some other woman—you are one of these, miss!" and she flashed her eyes upon Kate.

"Yes," said Kate, with a sigh, "I have to bear my trouble!"

"But I'm different!" breathed Jess, through her closed teeth. "I can't sit still and bear mine. Perhaps it was a crueller one than yours——"

Kate sighed again. Could any fate, she thought, be harder to endure patiently than hers!

"Mine was one that cries for vengeance, and I will have it! I've waited, and I'm waiting still. But I don't get more patient. No, as the days go on I get more hard and bitter, and the longing for vengeance grows and grows, and if I didn't look forward to the time when I shall meet him, and if I thought it would never come!—I should go mad! There!" she broke off as Kate shrank back a little, "I've frightened you. Don't mind me. I—I don't often talk like this, for good reasons—" and she laughed—"I've no one to talk to. But what you told me set me thinking of my own wrongs. And you won't go back to him!" she asked abruptly.

"You're right," said Jess; "once a man has wronged a woman—wife or no wife—and she forgives him, she's in his power, and she might as well be in the claws of a tiger! Oh! I know. No, you're right; don't ever go back. Starve rather!" and she stretched out her clenched hand defiantly. "But you shan't starve! Somehow it seems as if Fate had given you to my charge. They say there isn't such a thing as Fate; if there isn't, why didn't I pass you by to-day? It's not my way to interfere in people's business——"

"You wrong your kind heart," said Kate, slowly.

Jess laughed, and a faint flush rose to her dark face.

"Don't talk about my kind heart," she said, "I haven't any heart. It was burnt out of me years ago. No, it was Fate, that's what it was. Look here, you know what I am—I'm an artist's model, and you are a lady born and bred. Will you stay and live with me? Do you think we could get on together? It isn't any woman I could live with, but somehow I think——" she looked at Kate's face reflectively.

Kate reddened.

"You forget," she faltered. "I—oh, I could not be a burden to you!"

"You wouldn't," said Jess calmly. "I wasn't such a fool as to think that a lady like you would accept charity from anybody, least of all from one beneath her——"

"You wrong yourself and me," said Kate gently.

—"But there's no need for it," continued Jess, taking no notice of the protest. "You can help me in my business. Oh, I don't mean as a model," she added, as Kate shrank timidly. "With your face you'd earn more money than all of us put together; but it wouldn't do, would it? I know that."

"If there was any other way," said Kate. "If there was something I could do without meeting anyone."

"I know," said Jess, with a nod. "Well, there is! You can help me with the costumes! I'm a good model, but a bad needlewoman! I wasn't once; I could sit and sew for hours, but now, if I sew, I think, and the thinking drives me into one of my mad fits, and I have to fling the things from me, and go out and walk it off. You don't look one of that sort, Mrs. Meddon! If you'll help me with the costumes I can make twice as much money, and you needn't be afraid of charity."

Kate sat and reflected in painful silence for a moment.

"If I thought," she said gently, "that I could really help you, that you were not saying this out of consideration for me, that——"

"No, I'm honest," said Jess bluntly. "I've thought the matter out. You're a lady and well educated, and got taste, I daresay—which I haven't—and you'd know better than what I do what the costumes should be. There's books that tell you, you would know where to find them, and read them up. Yes, you can rest easy. Will you stay?"

Kate slowly pulled the wedding-ring off her finger, and, raising her pale face, said:

"Yes, I will stay, thankfully and gratefully."

Jess nodded, and her eyes flashed as they rested upon the white hand from which the ring had gone.

"Very well! that's a bargain, Miss Kate!" she said significantly.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE major and Arthur Carr-Lyon made their way up the path from the quarry side by side, breathless and trembling with fear and hate, and the indescribable malice which always dwells in the heart of the villain against the man who has stripped the mask from him, and revealed his true features.

Arthur Carr-Lyon cursed and swore at every step he took, and when he reached the top sank down, his face white and working, and shook his fist—which he had not had the courage to use—towards the spot where he had left Kate and Desmond standing.

"Curse him! Curse them both!" he panted, with a horrible oath, then he glared at the major, who had sat himself down a little way from him, and was mopping the perspiration from his face with a trembling hand. "It's all your fault, all your doing! And a pretty mess you have made of it! Thank goodness, you'll be punished! He can't touch me, but you—you'll go to quod! And a cursed good job too!"

"Hush, hush, my dear Arthur!" whimpered the major.

"If you 'dear Arthur' me, I'll throw you over the edge," snarled Arthur Carr-Lyon. "I hate the sight of you—you and your daughter! Why don't you go? Get out of my sight!"

The major shook his head.

"We must cling together, Arthur," he retorted. "We are both in the same boat. Look here; it's not so bad! Half the estate and the title——"

Arthur Carr-Lyon ground his teeth very loudly.

"Do you think she'll let him do it? Not she!" he said furiously. "She'll never rest until she's forced him to declare himself! I know her now. She hates me, and she—" his teeth clicked—"she loves him!"

"I'm—I'm afraid she does!" said the major dolefully. "It's a terrible mistake; but still, my dear Arthur, it might be worse."

"Might it?" retorted Arthur savagely. "It might be better. It would have been better if that fellow who went for him had killed him outright. Curse him for a fool, why didn't he? I could have killed him myself the other day. I wish I had! I wish I had!"

"I wish you had, if you could have done it safely," muttered the major.

"To think," said Arthur, raising his hand like a claw, and pawing the air, "to think that that fellow is the only one standing between me and the title! It—it makes me sick, mad! I've a good mind to go down to him."

"You've a better mind to stop where you are!" said the major, shaking his head.

"What do you mean?" demanded Arthur savagely.

The major mopped his face.

"It's no use turning on me, Arthur," he said. "You know you aren't a match for him, that neither of us are. I—I never was. We're like flax in his hands! Yes, he's got the upper hand of us now. Heaven only knows how he'll use it. And to think that Kate, my own daughter, should turn against me," he whined. "Oh, sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" and he wiped his eyes.

Arthur Carr-Lyon glared at him.

"Stop that tomfoolery," he said. "It's no use play-acting before me. It don't impose upon me. The question is, what's to be done? Do you think I'm—I'm coward enough to sit still and let that fellow take my wife from under my very eyes and rob me of half my fortune?"

"His fortune," corrected the major drily, and recovering himself a little.

Arthur Carr-Lyon swore.

"It's my title, my fortune, till he proves that they're his!" he retorted.

"Which he can soon do," said the major ruefully. "My dear Arthur, it is no use bravoing it out. That's Desmond Carr-Lyon, the earl, down there, and he knows it, and she knows it, and all the world can know it if they liked. There is no good to be done in pretending that it isn't so. The best thing to do is to accept his terms—they're not illiberal, they might be worse! —unless——" he stopped.

"Unless what?" demanded Arthur.

The major grew a little paler, if that were possible.

"Unless there was any way of getting rid of him——"

A look of hate and longing came into Arthur's eyes.

"Pshaw!" he snarled. "That sort of talk's rot, and you know it. I wish he'd fall dead this minute"—he gave expression to several other wishes—"but what's the use of that? Nothing won't kill him, worse luck; and we're not in the wilds of America, where—where such things can be done, but in civilised England. No, nothing won't kill him, and as it won't, he's likely to outlive me!"

The major sat silent for a moment, thinking deeply; in fact, he was planning a speedy flight from England, and wondering whether by any chance he could extort or coax any money out of his fellow conspirator.

"It's not the title, it's not the money I care so much about," said Arthur suddenly. "It's Kate! If I could only get hold of her—if I could only get her at my feet——" he shot his teeth sharply on his under lip and stopped remembering, perhaps, that it was to Kate's father that he was speaking.

The major shook his head.

"You'll never get Kate again," he said with calm conviction. "You played your cards badly, my dear Arthur. I know Kate, and I tell you she'll never come back to you!"

"Then I don't care what becomes of me!" exclaimed Arthur, and he dug his heel on the ground viciously.

It struck against something, something that rang sharply like steel, and half mechanically he leant forward and felt in the undergrowth; then he picked up a clasp knife and turned it over and over, looking at it absently.

Suddenly he started.

"That's strange!" he ejaculated.

The major turned his lack-lustre eyes on him.

"What is it? what have you found?" he asked.

Arthur Carr-Lyon still kept his eyes on the knife.

"A knife," he said sullenly.

"Oh," said the major indifferently, and looked out to sea again.

"Yes. But look here," said Arthur Carr-Lyon, and he leant forward and pointed to the small german-silver plate on the buck handle.

The major looked at it and shook his head.

"What—what is it?" he asked very feebly.

"Do you see this name?" said Arthur Carr-Lyon.

"No, I don't see anything; I'm—I'm too upset," retorted the major. "What is it?"

"It's Vyse—V-y-s-e," replied Arthur, spelling the name. "It belongs to the fellow who went for Desmond," he added in a low voice.

The major started slightly.

"Let me look," he said. "Yes, it certainly is Vyse. Was that his name?"

Arthur Carr-Lyon nodded.

"I wish he'd stabbed him with it!" he groaned out between his teeth. "I heard that story from the doctor—a fool of a fellow, who insisted upon talking to me the day before the wedding. This man Vyse thought Desmond was sweet upon a girl down there," and he jerked his finger in the direction of the quarry, "and went for him."

The major turned the knife over in his hand thoughtfully.

"How does it come here?" he said quite moodily.

"He was a quarryman, the doctor said; dropped it, I expect."

"Yes," said the major, and he raised his hand to throw the knife away; "as you say, it would have been a good thing for us if the fool of a fellow had settled Desmond."

Arthur Carr-Lyon caught his hand, and the knife fell at their feet.

"Hush!" he whispered, hastily; "someone's coming!"

The two men were silent and motionless, listening intently, and looking downwards.

After a moment or two of waiting, they saw a head, then the figure belonging to it, rise above the level, and presently the full length of a man came in sight.

He was walking very slowly, and looking earnestly and searchingly upon the ground.

The major looked at him keenly for a moment; then he caught Arthur Carr-Lyon's arm.

"What was the name of the girl down there in the quarry?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

Arthur stared at him, then made an effort to remember.

"Nellie Wood," he said, in an answering whisper. "What do you want to know for?"

The major made a warning gesture, and they kept motionless, both watching the new comer.

Quite unconscious of their proximity, he stopped slowly over the undergrowth, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and it was not until he was close upon them that he saw them.

He stopped with a stare, and looked from one to the other; then he touched his cap, and was going on, when the major spoke.

His voice had lost all its humility and despair, and was calm and suave.

"Good afternoon, my man," he said. "Have you—ahem!—have you lost anything?"

The man started slightly, and eyed them with a side-way suspicious glance, and the major scanned his face meanwhile with frank and amiable interest.

The man looked like a tramp, haggard and dirty, with a stubbly growth on his chin, and his clothes in a torn and ragged condition.

It was Vyse, more desperate and more soaked—a dangerous kind of man at the best of times, and particularly dangerous now.

"Has I lost anything?" he said evasively "No. Wot made you ask, guv'nor?"

"Because I found something!" said the major, with a friendly smile. "It's a knife—" he held it out—"with the name of Vyse upon it. Is your name Vyse?"

The man shot a sharp look from the major's smiling, benevolent face, to the dark sullen one of the younger man, then fixed his eyes on the ground.

"No, it ain't!" he answered.

"Perhaps you know Vyse, the owner of the knife; are you a workman in the quarry down there?"

"No, I ain't," replied Vyse. "But I know this 'ere Vyse."

"Ah, indeed. Then perhaps you will kindly return him his property," said the major, and then he held out the knife to Vyse.

He stretched out his hand to take it, but the major drew it back, and said thoughtfully—

"Vyse, Vyse! let me see, isn't that the name of the man who attacked Mr. Clifford Raven, and left him nearly dead?"

Vyse's face changed color, and he shuffled with his feet uneasily.

"I don't know nothin' about it," he said sullenly. "I never heard the gentleman's name, how should I? I'm a stranger in these parts, leastways I've only been here a short time!"

"Ah, just so!" said the major blandly. "I thought perhaps as a friend of the man Vyse, that he might have confided in you. Of course it was a dreadful thing to do, but from all I can hear I am afraid this man Clifford Raven has treated your friend very badly."

Vyse looked from one to the other: Arthur Carr-Lyon sat sullenly, moodily regarding the sea, with an expression on his face which indicated that he was taking no part in this colloquy whatever, and had no interest for him in the slightest; but in reality he was listening with a strained intentness.

What was the major aiming at, what was he trying to make of the unkept-looking tramp?

"Used him bad, did he?" said Vyse. "As how? Wot d'ye mean, guv'nor?"

"Well," said the major, "I am afraid this Mr. Raven has stepped between your friend Vyse and his sweetheart, a pretty little girl named Nellie Wood."

Vyse's face changed.

"Oh, he did, did he?" he said under his breath.

The major nodded and sighed.

"It was a cruel thing to do, and—ahem—was particularly cruel in this instance, however: Mr. Raven had an unfair advantage over your friend Vyse. Vyse is only a workman, one of the quarrymen, I believe, while Mr. Raven is supposed to be something of a gentleman. It really is very unfair and unjust when you come to think of it. I hear this young girl, an estimable young creature, I'm sure, was quite content and happy with her sweetheart, Vyse, until this Mr. Raven came and made mischief between them."

"Yes, she was," muttered Vyse, with an oath.

The major pretended that he had not heard.

"It is very hard for a man to bear such treatment, very; but your friend Vyse was very wrong to make a violent attack upon his rival, very wrong!"

"Oh, he was, was he? And wot would you have done, guv'nor?" demanded Vyse, with suppressed savagery.

"Er—er—well, really I don't know," replied the major suavely. "I'm afraid—yes, I'm afraid that, as a man, I should have been tempted to do the same."

There was silence for a moment. Vyse glared at the major, and then looked down at the quarry.

"We have just been there," said the major. "You see, my man, I'm a justice of the peace, and—ahem—as a magistrate, I feel it my duty to inquire into this affair, and I am sorry to say I found it a very unsatisfactory one. This Mr. Raven has evidently done his best, or worst, to lure this girl from her sweetheart, and though—ahem—as a magistrate, and an old man, I ventured to point out to him how very badly, and indeed, wickedly, he was acting in coming between two young people who were evidently, at one time, very much attached to each other, I am sorry to say he was quite obstinate, and refused to give the girl up."

"Oh, he did, did he?" said Vyse, his eyes glittering with evil light. "He did, did he? Refused to give her up, eh?"

"Yes," said the major, with a sigh and a shake of the head. "I regret to say he did! I pointed out to him that he was doing the poor young thing an immense amount of harm, and that he was acting very unjustly and cruelly towards her old sweetheart, Vyse, but I couldn't have him. I am afraid it will end in—ahem—the ruin of the girl's prospects, poor young thing."

Vyse breathed hard. Every word that dropped so smoothly from the major's lips was like a drop of oil on a smouldering fire, and the man's rage threatened to flame up every moment.

The major watched the effect of his remarks with keen but concealed satisfaction.

"I don't know what has become of the poor fellow, Vyse," he said, "and I do not want to know, for though, as a magistrate, I should be compelled to punish him if he were brought before me, yet—ahem—I feel that I cannot help sympathising with the poor man."

"You're right, guv'nor; he's been ill-used," said Vyse with a pant.

"Exactly. And it just occurred to me that—ahem—really I was not doing a wise or prudent thing in returning him his lost knife. It looks a rather dangerous weapon," and he turned the knife over in his hand thoughtfully.

Vyse watched him with a dawning sense of his meaning.

Arthur Carr-Lyon drew his hat over his face, and moroselv kicked at a stone, but listening intently, breathlessly.

"You see, it is not at all likely that poor Vyse will sit down quietly and submit to this—er—luring of his sweetheart from him. Do you think it is now?"

"It ain't. It ain't at all likely," responded Vyse with a smothered oath.

"Just so, and it is very probable that he will make another attack upon this Mr. Clifford Raven. This is such a secluded spot—" he looked down at the quarry with an air of reflection, "—and—er—Mr. Raven lives in such solitude that—ahem—this poor fellow Vyse might be tempted to renewed violence. And so I think I will not give you his knife, my man."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALMOST AS OLD AS FINGERS.—Forks are distinctly mentioned in 1 Sam. xiii. 21, in connection with the tile, which was used to sharpen the prongs. In the Pentateuch mention is made of "flesh hooks," evidently used for taking the meat out of the pots or off the pans.

Athenæus mentions the "fork," but it does not appear whether it meant a bident or a trident, and it is certain that the ancient Greeks were ignorant of the use of the fork while eating. Two-branched instruments were found at Herculaneum, but they were not known to be used in any period of Roman history.

The Duke of Burgundy used forks at table, and is said to have had two. In his time the loaves were made round, and were placed by the side of the carver, who had a pointed carving knife and a skewer of silver or gold, which he stuck into the joint of meat, and, having cut off a piece, placed it on a slice of bread, which was served to the guest on the point of the carving knife. This custom still obtains in many parts of Europe.

Before the Revolution in France, when a gentleman was invited to dinner, it was customary for him to send his servant with his knife, fork, and spoon; or, if he had no servant, he carried them in his breeches pocket as a carpenter carries his rule. The use of forks was not introduced into England until the time of James I., having been brought from Italy. Their use was ridiculed by many as an unnecessary piece of show.

It is not difficult, even now, to remember when the knife only, notwithstanding the presence of the fork, was used to convey the food to the mouth, showing how difficult it was to get rid of the old custom.

IT is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion.

THERE is this good in real evils, they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

FOR THEE.

BY WM. W. LONG.

With all this hot fire in my veins,
With heart-throbs quick as lightning stroke;
With heaving breast and burning breath,
My will must this strong passion choke.

The strength is strong within to break
The stony face of Fate—ah! no;
For your dear sake I must stand chained
Beside life's awful shrine of Woe.

The Hook of the Lamp

BY J. O. THOMAS.

CHAPTER III.

SAM'S landlord and landlady were a middle-aged couple. The husband, Parry by name, was a collier.

He was a tall, stout man with full round face, disfigured by a scar down the left cheek, the result of an accident in the mine.

His hands as he shook hands with one, in spite of their horny epidermis, were soft and almost velvety in touch—flabby perhaps better describes them—and his whole appearance gave one the impression of pulfiness.

He was considered a superior sort of man by one section of the colliers, and as he was a deacon in the Welsh Chapel, it was to be presumed that his life and his profession corresponded in some degree at least.

The other part of the miners looked upon him as a sanctimonious humbug, a windbag in more senses than one, and they asserted that he was slippery as an eel.

"It's a wonder to me," said one collier, "that John Parry lets Sam stop so long at his house—for Sam's a rum 'un, sure enough."

"Oh," was the reply, "Parry's wife is gray mare, and she looks after the brass; and, besides, the old man himself isn't the one to lose money by sacking a lodger."

Parry's wife, the gray mare aforesaid, was well known as a sharp-tongued, untidy, slovenly woman, and if wonder there was about Sam's stay there, it should have been sought rather in his staying so long in the uncomfortable place which did duty for his home.

Mrs. Parry had not even the excuse of most of the colliers' wives round; her children were grown up; the son, Rough Tom was told, was in Staffordshire, working at the collieries there; the two daughters were in service at Westnam.

It was said that Parry's better-half was "fond of her glass," and certain other rumors were rife; but as she lived in a state of feud with one half of the women around, it the credence can be attached to such reports.

Rough Tom's abode was about thirty yards distant from Parry's, and he soon made himself acquainted with Mrs. Parry, who was a goodly gossip.

Indeed Tom hardly ever passed the gate, which stood at the foot of the small neglected garden—which bloomed, but with reeds only—in front of that lady's house, without stopping to exchange a few remarks with her.

Of course she was well aware of the quarrel between Tom and Sam; but although she might have been expected to side with her lodger, she did not show any feminine spite against Tom.

The relation between them seemed to be of a free and confidential character, but Rough Tom never attempted to enter the house.

One day, shortly after the quarrel spoken of above, she and Tom were talking together at the garden gate. Their conversation appeared to be, and indeed was, of an exciting character.

"Do you know, Mrs. Parry," said Tom, "the police have an idea that it was Sam who killed the doctor?"

"You don't mean it, do you?"

"It's true; for one of them let it out by a slip. I dare not say who he really was, though."

"Well, that beats all; but it couldn't a' been Sam."

"No, I don t suppose it was. Of course Sam was at the meeting, wasn't he?"

"Ay, he was, sure enough."

"And he came home with your master?"

"No, he didn't, but that doesn't matter. Sam didn't do it."

"Well, I don't know who did it, but they are after him, as I said. For heaven's sake, don't tell him I told you, or else we'll be sure to have a fight about it," and with that he walked on.

Later on that evening, it being quite dark, Tom happened again to pass the Parrys' domicile, and by chance Mrs. Parry was near the gate.

"Good-night," said Tom as he passed, not troubling to take the short black pipe from between his teeth, and without halting.

"Tom," replied Mrs. Parry, "I want you a minute."

"Well, what's the matter?"

"I really don't know what to do about Sam if the police come and ask me about him."

"Tell them the whole truth," said Tom earnestly.

"Ay, but they'll think he murdered the doctor if I do."

"How's that?"

"Well, he wasn't at home all night; he didn't come in till four in the morning."

"Oh, Jehoshaphat! Where could he have been?"

"I don't know, but I'm sure he didn't kill the doctor."

"Well, it's a bad look-out for him, I should say: but don't say anything to him, at any rate."

"But what will I do if the police should come?"

"Don't say a word till I think it over, and then I will tell you what to do. Good-night!"

Tom walked on, and soon reached the "Collier's Arms." There was a crowded house, for a strike was upon the tapis, and the pros and cons were being discussed. The older hands were dead against it.

"A strike will do no good," said one elderly miner.

"Ay, but the masters oughtn't to have all their own way," replied a younger man.

"If you go on a strike you'll lose more than you gain."

"Yes, but surely the masters will lose too."

"They are much better able to lose than us."

"Ay, darn them, they are, and all through our work."

In spite of the sober counsels of the elder miners, however, the matter was drifting towards a strike. Trade was good, and prices were up—not much indeed, but they were up.

Why did not the colliers get a rise too? was the question asked. Well, they would have a rise, they said, or they would not work.

The masters would lose on the contracts, and serve them right, said the young hands, who had no wives and big families dependent on them.

At the "Collier's Arms," the majority were in favor of a strike, and on this particular evening were discussing with avidity the coming mass meeting which was to be held on the Bank, the usual meeting-place of the miners.

The following evening the mass meeting was held. Troop after troop of miners, black, grimy, and sullen, moved towards the spot; their wives, slatternly, dejected, and haggard, following in their wake. Crowds of poverty-stricken children and unkempt youths hurried along in the same direction.

Poor souls! a strike meant hardship, hunger, and want, cruel and unmerciful to them.

No wonder they wished to stand by; perhaps their pale and faces might help to tone down the angry hatred which existed for the time between labor and capital. Wages, indeed, were low, and they lived poorly at the best, but in time of strikes they must live in a state verging upon famine.

The whole of the colliers attended—those in favor of a strike, and those who opposed it.

Every collier had a stake in the matter, and every collier, if present, had a vote in the decision.

Parry was there, and, as might have been expected, opposed the strike. His wife also stood outside the throng looking on at the proceedings.

Rough Tom alone was absent. Where was he? was asked by many, for he had been depended on to speak, and, strange to say, to speak against striking.

Has he turned sneak? was a question that ran through some of the excited minds.

The meeting was half over before Tom put in an appearance; but when he spoke he explained his absence satisfactorily, or at least his excuse was accepted.

The miners debated long and hotly, but at length it was decided by a small majority not to go out for another month; then the assembly dispersed.

But now a new strife arose. Children in colliery districts, as in towns, are often but miniature men and women. Their intellects are dulled and yet sharpened by want.

They see and notice what other children would pass by, but they are often unable to grasp facts which are easy as the proverbial A B C to better fed and cared-for children.

So it was that the new contention arose, and Tom's late arrival at the meeting was explained.

Tom had been seen at the back of Parry's house by two youngsters who had not felt an interest in the strike question. Cunningly the two lads crept near enough to see him enter the house by means of the window, and then they waited until he emerged and went away.

Their story was told, and it spread till at length it reached the ears of the Parrys and their lodger, who were highly indignant at the outrage; but nothing could be discovered as missing, and, moreover, no traces of the illegal entrance could be found.

Sam swore he would kill Tom if he met him, and matters stood in anything but a pleasant condition for him.

Tom, however, was missing; he had disappeared immediately after the mass meeting was over; but few were the speculations as to his fate, for a verdict of "Absconded" was given almost unanimously.

To him that hath shall be given; and to the miners, now in a double state of excitement as to the strike and Rough Tom's attempted housebreaking, was added a new sensation, for Sam was arrested early the following morning on suspicion of having caused the death of the late Dr. Roberts.

There was a great uproar; the strike was forgotten, Rough Tom's disappearance was as nothing; for when the Parrys' house was searched under a warrant, immediately after the arrest, the gold presentation watch and chain were discovered hidden in the thatch which took the place of ceiling in Tom's bedroom.

The opinions of the miners were again divided; some believed him guilty; others—and they were of the worst class—were confident he would soon be set at liberty. Nothing but the strange and unexpected event was spoken of.

Parry and his wife were very disturbed by the discovery, the former declaring that it had disgraced him for life, the latter showing a feverish anxiety as to Sam's fate.

The accused was brought before the magistrates at Rustry, and charged with the crime. He pleaded "Not guilty."

Sergeant Griffiths detailed the evidence against him, and produced the watch and chain which he had found. He then stated:

"I arrested the prisoner at Plaspentre at five o'clock this morning, and charged him with the murder. He replied, 'I did not do it.' I cautioned him that whatever he said might be used as evidence against him, and he repeated, 'I did not do it. It's that darn scamp Rough Tom has put me in for this.' I then proceeded to search the prisoner's room, and from information received, I found the watch and chain secreted in the thatch, in the right-hand corner over the bed."

He called Mrs. Parry, who said, "Sam was absent all the night of December 22."

"What time did he come in?"

"About four o'clock in the morning."

"Did you notice anything strange in his appearance?"

"No, it was snowing, and he was covered with it. He seemed tired, and went to bed after eating a bit of bread and butter and drinking a cup of tea."

"Was the room in which the watch was found used by the prisoner?"

"Yes, it was his room."

"Did no one else use it?"

"No one."

On this evidence a remand was asked, and the magistrates committed Sam for trial at the assizes, which would be held in Westnam in about a month from that date.

During the interval, the police on one hand, and the solicitor for the defence on the other hand, were busy trying to complete their several cases, but little leaked out.

At length the day of the trial came, and Westnam was crowded with colliers, for they all played that day. There was a rumor that something had been discovered which would free Sam, but no one knew exactly what this was.

The grand jury having returned a true bill against Samuel Williams, the case was opened.

The prosecuting counsel detailed the evidence given above, stating that Sam bore a very poor character, and that although the evidence was circumstantial, yet there was sufficient proof to connect the prisoner with the crime.

He called Sergeant Griffiths and Mrs. Parry, who repeated their former evidence; then he called Dr. Davies.

"You gave evidence at the inquest after making a post-mortem examination of the body?"

"I did."

"There was a wound in the back of the deceased's head?"

"There was, and, in my opinion, that was the cause of death."

"Would the hook of the Davy-lamp produced cause such a wound?"

Dr. Davies having examined it minutely, replied, "I believe it would correspond exactly with the wound."

Frank Evans was next called. He said: "I am lamp-man at the colliery; the lamp produced is the one used by Samuel Williams."

"Can you swear to it?"

"I can."

"Do you notice that the hook is slightly bent?"

"I do."

"Did you notice the fact before?"

"Yes, Rough Tom called my attention to it some time back, but I did not attach any importance to the point then."

"What is the hook used for?" asked the judge.

"The miners thrust it into the face or the roof of the coal, my lord, so that the lamp will hang by it."

The defending counsel did not cross-examine these witnesses, but called on William Stokes, who on being sworn said:

"I remember the night of the presentation. I attended the meeting. Samuel Williams was present."

"Do you know where he went after the meeting?"

"I do."

"Was he in your company?"

"He was."

"Was there anyone else with you?"

"There were six of us."

"Was Robert Thomas one of the number?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was Benjamin Morris another?"

"He was, sir."

"Now tell the jury where you went after the meeting."

"We left the works and went through Afreton together, then down the lane past the station. We called at the Eagles and had a glass of ale each. We next crossed the river by the old bridge, and, passing the brickworks, turned into the fields near the school; then we went up the road by Park Farm and on to the canal bank. We followed the canal to Whitton."

"What time was it when you reached Whitton?"

"About a quarter to eleven."

"Did you call anywhere in Whitton?"

"No, sir."

"How long did you stay there?"

"Till about half-past two the next morning."

"What were you doing there all this time?"

"Must I tell you, sir?"

"Of course you must if you wish your evidence to be believed. What were you doing?"

"Poaching, sir, I'm sorry to say."

Cross-examined: "You were poaching that night, were you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you in the habit of doing business of that sort?"

"Not often, sir."

"And the prisoner was poaching with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"The jury will know what credence to attach to the word of a law-breaker."

Robert Thomas and Ben Morris were next examined. They were the only two witnesses who were unable to speak English, but through an interpreter they corroborated the story of William Stokes.

The counsel for the defence now made a telling speech, in which he showed how the three young fellows had given evidence, even although thereby criminating themselves; and further, he said, if any doubts were entertained as to whether the alibi were proved, he could call the remaining two poachers, who were present in court.

He stated that the watch might easily have been placed in the prisoner's bedroom by someone else, and said that he would prove that a person known as Rough Tom, between whom and the accused a bitter feeling existed, had been seen to enter the house by the back window while the occupiers and all the neighbors were absent at the mass meeting of miners. Besides, he said, there was no evidence that the prisoner had been possessed of a large sum of money after the murder; and if he had had the money, where was it now? He could not have spent it without attracting notice.

The two boys were now called. The elder said:

"My name is Edward Jones. I am fourteen years of age. I remember the mass meeting. I did not go to it. I saw Rough Tom at the back of Parry's house. I was in the old works behind him. He could not see me, as I was behind a wall. He tried the door, then he opened the window and went in. After a bit he came out again through the window. He had nothing in his hands."

"Are you positively sure it was Rough Tom?"

"Certain."

"Where did he go when he came out?"

"He ran off towards the bank."

His companion, aged twelve, corroborated.

The counsel for the prosecution having replied, the judge summed up, strongly in Sam's favor, and the jury after a few minutes' deliberation, returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

This was the signal for an outburst of applause from the miners, which was sternly repressed by the judge; but, once outside, the colliers indulged in hearty cheers, for Sam was one of themselves, and they all felt a share in his acquittal.

CHAPTER IV.

THE police were at fault, there was no doubt of it; they were unable to solve the mystery. It was talked of here, and there, and everywhere throughout the district, and public opinion pointed to the absconded Rough Tom as the perpetrator.

But where was Rough Tom? Sam would have been only too glad to learn, for he swore that Tom had accused him out of spite.

The police also would have accepted thankfully the smallest contribution of information likely to lead to his arrest, for all eyes were turned in the direction, metaphorically speaking, of the absent Tom.

Here was a missing link with a vengeance, and many were the covert sneers indulged in by press and populace against those useful, but still not omnipotent, guardians of our public peace.

And now, to add fuel to the flames, Detective Sharp again arrived on the scene. At the "Collier's Arms," now bereft of Tom's stories, the following colloquy might have been heard one night:

"Have ye heard that yon detective chap is down again?"

"Ay, he's come to help find another mare's nest."

"Why doesn't he go and find Rough Tom?"

"Perhaps he doesn't think Rough Tom did it."

"I rather expect he did, though."

"Well, he's gone, and they'll have to catch him afore they know."

"My word, he was fond of talking about murders, wasn't he?"

"Ay, that he was, and he could talk well too."

Poor Tom! he was absent, and therefore guilty. A warrant was out against him, and a reward offered for his apprehension, but he might have disappeared off the face of the earth, so completely was all trace of him lost.

While everyone else was seeking Rough Tom, the beaming, self-complacent Sharp

was asking question after question in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Parry was interrogated, but she knew nothing. She blamed Rough Tom, but there was a frightened look about her which told of anxiety rather exceeding any solicitude on the absent Tom's account.

Parry himself was oily as ever, condemned Tom as a miserable sinner, hoped he would repent, and so on.

But after tedious probing, Detective Sharp was rewarded with the discovery that Mr. and Mrs. Parry had received a visit from their son William about the time of the murder.

It was only by an accident that he at length discovered this. William Parry was a very shady character—lived no one knew exactly where, or rather lived here to-day, somewhere else to-morrow.

But even if he were at Rustry at the time, what cause was there to connect him with the crime?

Sam interrogated, but he was so infuriated against Rough Tom that he would listen to nothing unless it tended to incriminate his enemy.

Young Parry, he said, was not a bad sort of chap, and, he was sure, had no hand in the murder.

When asked about his lamp, he replied he did not know the hook was out of shape, and if he had known, lamps get knocked about occasionally in the pit, and he should have put it down to that.

Ann Jones, Marston's servant, was next visited. She knew nothing, she said, of the matter, but she too appeared flurried and frightened.

Mr. Sharp got no information from her, but by proceeding cautiously in his inquiries he learned that Parry junior and Ann Jones were at one time "keeping company."

With this knowledge as a lever, he again visited her. She was inclined to be saucy, but the detective crushed all that out of her, and reduced her to a state of flaccidity by telling her that it was William Parry who committed the murder.

Having frightened the wits out of her, he easily learned that young Parry had been in Marston's house at the time the doctor came in, and that she had told him her master was paying him money.

Moreover, he had left immediately after Mr. Marston and the doctor had gone out, and she had only seen him once since, and then but for a minute, on Christmas Eve.

She did not know where he was, as he had not written to her, but she believed he was in Staffordshire.

Procuring a description of him, the detective took a journey to Staffordshire, but only to find his labor lost. Young Parry was well known in the colliery district, but had not been working there for months, and no trace of him could be found.

Here was a check, but just at this time, when he was about to return and endeavor to worm out something further on the scene of the crime, a telegram reached him that some of the stolen notes had been discovered in circulation in Liverpool. Detective Sharp immediately proceeded thither, and found that the notes had been paid into the bank by a large firm in the ordinary course of business.

They were traced back through several hands, until the clue was lost at a public-house, the landlord of which could not remember from whom he had received them.

This was terribly tantalizing to Mr. Sharp, but he was used to apparent failures, and took his measures accordingly.

He drew up as complete a picture of the man wanted as his researches enabled him to make, and circulated it far and wide.

A day or two passed, during which he took a turn round the slums, eyes and ears on the alert.

On the third evening, when he returned to his hotel, a letter which awaited him was handed to him, and on opening it he read:

"Dear sir,—Please call at—— Prison immediately on receipt of this. I believe we have your bird caged for you. Yours very truly,——"

A few minutes later he was driving along to the above prison.

Arrived there, he was introduced into the presence of three men, and easily picked out one of the three as the long-sought William Parry.

The officer who accompanied him through the prison gave him a few particulars of the young fellow. He had been living a fast life, with plenty of money at his disposal for some time; but apparently he had exhausted his supplies, for, together with two confederates, he had been captured while attempting to break into a jeweler's shop in——Street.

A policeman had been dangerously wounded by a blow from a jemmy in the struggle which preceded the capture, and it was feared that even if he survived he would be permanently disabled.

Detective Sharp saw him alone for a moment, and charged him with the murder.

"I didn't do it; Rough Tom is the man as did it, if you want to know."

"Oh, did he? Who told you about Tom, eh? You have evidently been down there again, or had news from somebody."

"Rough Tom did it, I tell you."

"No, he did not. I am Rough Tom myself."

The prisoner was dejected and cowed, and bore traces of his recent excesses. His face as he heard this was a picture; dejected before, he was doubly so now.

He turned livid, as if he were about to faint; then, with a start and a shudder, he shouted out in hoarse hard voice: "Yes hang you, I did it. I may as well swing for that as get ten years for this job; ten years of quod would kill me." He was removed to Westham and placed upon his trial, when he pleaded "Guilty."

The following particulars were given in his confession: "I had been engaged in a burglary at Chester just before Christmas, and the police were on my track, so I thought I would go home for a time. I reached there the evening of the presentation, and after calling at home went to see Ann Jones, who was my sweetheart. I was in the kitchen when the doctor came in, and Ann, having gone upstairs with hot water for their whisky, saw Mr. Marston paying Dr. Roberts a lot of money in gold and notes. I determined to rob him of it, if I could, before he reached Rustry. I left the house by the back door and went through the wood, intending to meet the doctor down at the foot of the hill, and hoping he would be alone. Mr. Marston had turned back, so seeing he was unaccompanied, I ran towards him and said: 'Doctor, Mrs. Parry has been scalded very badly: will you come to see her?' He came with me at once."

"Now I had taken Sam's lamp out with me, thinking that if anyone saw me he would suppose I was a collier and not notice who I was, and as we went along the path through the wood toward my mother's house, I threw down the lamp and seized the doctor by the throat. It was done so suddenly that he was powerless, and he fell. I kept hold of his throat, expecting him to struggle, but he did not, and then it was that I found he was dead.

"I was dreadfully frightened, and looked how it had happened. The point of the lamp-hook had stuck into his head. With some difficulty—for it was very firmly fixed—I pulled it out and, then I emptied his pockets, and, carrying him into the bushes, I covered him up.

"I only wanted to hide the body till I had time to get away. The money I hid in the wood for fear of it being discovered upon me; the watch I concealed in the thatch of Sam's room. Before morning it snowed, so I knew I was safe for a time, but I was afraid of going for the money for fear of leaving traces, or of being seen by the many colliers and others who were scavenging. I had covered the body with thorns, so I had little dread of anyone finding it until the snow melted.

"When the thaw set in I went and took the money; then I laid the body where it was found, hoping that people would believe it was suicide. I left the watch and chain in Sam's room until it would be safe to sell them."

The prisoner was of course sentenced to death; but he never suffered the penalty. Ann Jones obtained permission to visit him, and while speaking to her, before the warder, he suddenly whispered something in her ear.

"Now then, no whispering," said the warder, and he hurried her away. She again visited him, and while shaking hands with him must have passed a paper containing arsenic into his hand, for that night, unsuspected by the warders, he took the poison; and although all was done that the prison surgeon could do, he never recovered.

[THE END.]

CIVILISED CANNIBALISM.

The subject of civilised cannibalism, if not particularly pleasant—for it reminds us how near akin we are in certain circumstances to the wild beasts—is particularly interesting. Most of these cases, of course, occur at sea. In our own day we have heard of at least two terrible tragedies of this kind. The survivors of the crew of the yacht "Mignonette" furnished one; the remnant of Lieut. A. Greely's party that was discovered near Cape Sabine on June 22, 1884, furnished another. Nor have examples been uncommon in the past.

In 1727, William Boyce, who was afterwards a captain in the English Navy, was second mate of the "Luxborough," a ship belonging to the South Sea Company. On June 25 she took fire, and twenty-three men and boys abandoned her in the yawl, with neither provisions nor water. By July 6, fourteen had died from starvation and exposure, and portions of six of the dead had been devoured by their ravenous fellows. Fortunately, on July 7, the boat reached Newfoundland; but only seven of the crew lived to gain the shore, and one of them died from exhaustion a few hours later.

Sometimes nature, no matter how pressed she may be, loathes this frightful food. In 1756, the brig "Tyrrel," from New York, was thrown on her beam ends in mid-Atlantic, and never afterwards righted. Most of the crew quitted her in a boat. They had with them only a peck and a half of sodden provisions, and no water: and in fifteen days all but three died.

The chief mate then asked his companions if they would eat some of the flesh of the cabin boy, who had been the last to expire. They assented; but neither he nor they were able to swallow the unnatural food. Next morning the mate found his shipmates dead beside him. Four days later he managed to obtain a few barnacles, and with these he supported himself until, after twenty-three days exposure, he was picked up.

The casting of lots has often preceded such tragedies. In 1765, the brig "Peggy" left Fayal for New York. Owing to long-continued foul weather she made such slow progress that all the provisions were consumed; and even the oil, candles, and leather on board were devoured long ere she grew anywhere near port.

Lots were cast, and a negro servant of the captain was sacrificed and eaten. Sixteen days later a second victim was demanded; but the captain persuaded the crew to wait for some hours before killing the man, a sailor named David Fist, upon whom the lot fell.

Fist lost his reason in the interval; but ere the time had expired, the "Susan," of London, boarded the drifting vessel, and the castaways were rescued. It is satisfactory to be able to add that Fist subsequently recovered.

A very bad case of murder and cannibalism at sea happened in 1790. In June of that year six soldiers, forming part of the garrison of St. Helena, put to sea in a whale-boat with the object of deserting. They intended to get on board an American ship that was lying in the roads, but they missed her, and were carried out of sight of land. By June 26th all their small stock of provisions was consumed. On July 5th they cast lots, and the lot fell on one of their number M'Kinnon by name. He was allowed to bleed himself to death. Three days later the boat was thrown ashore on the African coast, three of the men escaping and two being drowned.

In 1766 M. Viand and M. Desclau, two Frenchmen who were in business in San Domingo, sailed thence in the brigantine "Tiger," Captain La Couture. The captain's wife and son were on board, together with a mate, nine seamen, and a negro slave. On February 16th the vessel went ashore on some rocks near our coast, and on the 18th the crew managed to effect a landing.

On March 5th, Viand, Desclau, La Couture, the lady, the boy, and the negro set sail in a canoe for the mainland, but were soon stranded on an uninhabited island. La Couture and Desclau went on to seek assistance, but never returned. The others subsequently followed, deserting the boy, who seemed to be at death's door, and on April 20th they reached the continent, but found themselves utterly destitute. Viand thereupon killed the negro, Madame La Couture assisting him.

After devouring some of the body, the survivors met with a party of Englishmen, who attended to their wants. Madame La Couture's first care was to revisit the island on which she had left her dying son. Astonishing to relate, although he had been deserted for many days, he was found alive, and in time recovered.

A Beauty Doctor.—There is a woman in New York who has a growing *clientele* of patients coming to her to be treated for ugliness. They may be perfect in health physically, but not quite at peace in their minds because of defects which render them unpleasing in the eyes of fellow mortals, and she ministers to this mind diseased by curing, as far as possible, the complaint of plainness. Women go to her to be made thinner or stouter, to have their color heightened or reduced, to be treated for ugly complexions, red eyes, thin hair, round shoulders, and all the physical faults which make the difference between beauty and the lack of it.

To women who are too stout she recommends a bath of salt water in the morning, two or three handfuls of rock salt being put in the bath and allowed to dissolve. They must be rubbed down with a heavy Turkish towel after this salt bath, and are to sleep in hard beds, while the only internal treatment she prescribes is Congress water (a kind of mineral water) and a grain or two of roasted coffee, to be chewed half an hour before meals, which will greatly lessen the appetite for food. She suggests a diet of cresses, lettuce, and spinach, with dessert of Iceland moss jellies.

Thin women she feeds on carrots and parsnips, and doses them with a few drops of acid phosphate before meals to give them an appetite for the muffins, brown bread, oatmeal and fruit that are to form the greater part of her diet. But what she principally relies upon to add flesh to thin girls is a pint of sweet milk to be drunk every night just before getting into bed. She orders off the corsets of round-shouldered girls and puts them in braces instead, with daily exercise on a pulling machine to help on the good work, while awkward and heavy girls are given a bar over which they are to jump many times every day.

When a women has become too florid she is fed on sassafras tea and given hot baths, and the pale women has her baths cold and a bottle of claret each day. This "beauty doctor," as she is called, has effected some wonderful cures of plainness, and in several cases has taken charge of a woman for six months, with the result that at the end of that time her friends scarcely knew her.

There is talk of an infirmary or private hospital being established near New York, of which the beauty doctor is to have charge, and where women will go, as they do now to the best cures, to undergo thorough treatment for ugliness. This beauty cultivator has great hopes of her hospital, where her patients will be under her eye and she can see that her ideas are carried out. She holds that there is no excuse for thorough ugliness, and that it is a matter of will with a women whether she will be pretty and pleasing or not.

An Eastern potentate once asked a group of his courtiers which they thought the greatest man, himself or his father. At first, he could elicit no reply to so dangerous a question. At last, a wily old courtier said: "Your father, sire; for, though you are equal to your father in all other respects in this he is superior to you—that he had a greater son than any you have." He was promoted on the spot.

Scientific and Useful.

Paper Windows.—The next thing is to be paper windows, not Jap brown paper absurdities, but real windows, quite transparent, and moreover tough enough to resist the ordinary stone of the ordinary schoolboy.

The Automatons.—There is a rumor that the automatic machines which are now to be found at all railway stations, and in many thoroughfares, are to be taxed. Cigarettes, cigars, matches, chocolate, sweetmeats, and a score of other articles are automatically purveyed by these machines, and every day some new adaptation is made which brings them into closer competition with the ordinary shopkeepers.

Oil for Defense.—A new scheme for harbor defense is soon to be tried. Perforated iron pipes will be sunk in the water and through them petroleum will be forced. In this way a fierce stream of burning oil could be sent down on an enemy's fleet to drive it away. Iron vessels could not pass through this lake of fire because it could be made to extend many miles along the river.

Artificial Speech.—Mr. Edison has, it is stated, devised a doll with a small phonograph inside, which talks when the handle is turned. The phonograph is placed within the chest of the doll, and the handle protrudes. When it is turned the words appear to issue from the doll's mouth. He has also devised a clock which announces the time by speaking; the talking apparatus being, of course, a phonograph.

Sawdust in Cleaning.—Sawdust for cleansing garments is the latest notion. The principle is not altogether a new one, since dyed skins, or rather skins the wool or fur of which has been dyed, are very often exposed with sawdust in a revolving cask, not only to remove any adhering particle of color which may not have been fixed on the fibre, but to give at the same time a kind of finish by a gentle rubbing action.

Locked Envelopes.—The latest thing out in stationery is an envelope of leather which can be locked, and will doubtless come into general use as a safe covering for lover's epistles. Upon the back of the envelope there is a tiny staple of gold or silver, over which fits snugly a tiny staple of similar material attached to the flap, and this is secured by a dainty padlock. Two tiny keys accompany each envelope. Having furnished Phillis with one of these, Corydon may pour forth his heart's tenderest devotion to her upon paper, lock it up and send it on its way, rejoicing in the certainty that she only to whom it is directed will be able to scan its sacred pages.

Farm and Garden.

Bleeding.—To stop the bleeding of a horse or other stock from a snag or wound, make an application of dry manure and it will stop the bleeding of a wound every time.

Milk.—There is no way of cleaning dirty milk. Remedies are here out of place. Only preventives will answer the purpose. The only way to have clean milk is by keeping the dirt out of it, and this goes a great way in securing good flavor.

Paint.—Farmers should have the roofs of their barns painted as a means of preserving them from decay. The falling drops of rain cause the fibres of the wood to break, making a "fuzzy" surface which holds water and induces decay. Paint entirely prevents this so long as it lasts. It is cheaper to keep the roof covered with some inexpensive paint than to have the labor and expense of renewing shingles every few years.

More Land.—It does not pay to borrow money in order to purchase more land. It is an old truth "that an acre of land has no limit to its productive capacity." The true farmer prefers a small farm well tilled. The manure that is spread on two acres will give better results if applied to one acre, while the cost of tillage will be less. No farmer can afford to buy more land until he has brought up that already in his possession to the highest degree of fertility.

The Animals.—The health of animals should be carefully looked after. It is not only troublesome to doctor a sick animal but there is a loss of time, while the animal itself will lose that which it has gained in flesh, causing all the work of restoring it to its former weight to be done over again. Every pound of flesh lost is a loss not only of the pound but of the time and expense necessary to restore it, hence the matter of keeping the stock comfortable and healthy is important.

The Silo.—Agriculture never took a longer stride in advance than it did when the silo was added to the practical equipment of the farm. Most of us were slow to realize this at first, and a great many are yet unwilling to concede the advantages claimed for the silo, but the utility of the modern silo cannot be gainsaid, for without it we are left to the mercy of the elements in the handling of our great corn crop. A silo is simply a place where fodder is preserved in a succulent condition. It may be a pit, a box, a mow, a building or a trench in the earth. Silage is the word denoting fodder so preserved. Ensilage is the term applied to the process or system. Ensile is the word expressive of the action of making silage. Ensilor stands for the person using a silo to ensile fodder for silage by the process of ensilage.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 26, 1889.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year $2 00
2 Copies One Year..... 3 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 4 00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 10 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Advertising Rates furnished on application.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication office, 720 Sansom St.

Impulse.

Impulse may be defined as a powerful influence acting suddenly on the mental organization, and inciting one to some course of action thoroughly unpremeditated.

As a guiding motor it is to be deprecated, owing to the illogical nature of rapidity of thought concomitant with sudden decisions, which prove somewhat disastrous if carried into effect, even by responsible persons; and also as showing the unwisdom of allowing superficialities of thought to communicate with unconsidered actions, as opposed to the slow but infinitely more prudent and reasonable conclusions to be arrived at after due deliberation, and acted upon after a careful scrutiny of both sides of a question.

These precautions are not so unnecessary as might be supposed from a cursory view of the case; for as the smaller incidents of life are frequently the most thought of, so, equally, the words and actions of apparently slight import may develop into more colossal proportions in time to come, and plant the germs of new ideas or potentialities on the mental retina of our inner consciousness.

To a person whose mind is unaccustomed to critical analysis, and who is sufficiently weak to be easily led or influenced by trifles, impulse becomes what imagination is to the poet—an incentive, leading, however, to widely different results.

As a rule, it is in such people that impulse is most prevalent. Lacking the calculation and self restraint possessed or to be acquired by stronger natures, they toss about on a sea of uncertainty, ever restless between conflicting ideas, and, being without the rudder of practical common sense, not infrequently come to shipwreck on some rock of ethical faith or scientific problem.

Yielding to impulse should be strenuously resisted, as it tends to undermine strength of character by displacing reasonable judgment and substituting for it an unthinking acquiescence, or submission to transient notions regarding words and actions.

Reasoning powers are given us for use, and are intended to be exercised; they should never be permitted to lie fallow, or be made subservient to ephemeral convictions, which are merely the product of emotional feelings.

Passion (to which is due, perhaps, half the errors of humanity) lends a false light to actualities.

While its bright glow lasts it gives such an intensity to feelings or impressions that one believes they will remain intact; consequently one loses sight of the fact that in the return of calm, dispassionate views and logical conclusions, an alteration of opinion is inevitable.

Consequently, the deduction to be drawn from the foregoing reasonings is that distrust should be given to the decisions of impulse, and those rules or resolutions favored that are the outcome of reflection and consideration.

Travellers tell us that in some of the Eastern seas, where those wonderful coral islands exist, the insect that forms the coral within the reefs, where they are under shelter of protecting rocks, out of the reach of wind and wave, work quicker, and their work is apparently to the eye sound and good. But on the other hand, those little workers who work outside those reefs, in the foam and dash of the waves, are fortified and hardened, and their work is firmer and more enduring. And so I believe it is with men. The more their minds are braced up by conflict, by the necessity of forming opinions upon difficult subjects, the better they will be qualified to go through the hard wear and tear of the world, the better they will be able to hold their own in that conflict of opinion which, after all, it is man's duty to meet.

The human mind feels restless and dissatisfied under the anxieties of ignorance. It longs for the repose of conviction; and to gain this repose it will often rather precipitate its conclusions than wait for the tardy lights of observation and experiment. There is such a thing, too, as the love of simplicity and system,—a prejudice of the understanding which disposes it to include all the phenomena of nature under a few sweeping generalities,—an indolence which loves to repose on the beauties of a theory rather than encounter the fatiguing detail of its evidences.

We are surrounded by motives to piety and devotion, if we would but mind them. The poor are designed to excite our liberality; the miserable, our pity; the sick, our assistance; the ignorant, our instruction; those that are fallen, our helping hand. In those who are vain, we see the vanity of the world; in those who are wicked, our own frailty. When we see good men rewarded, it confirms our hope; and when evil men are punished, it excites our fear.

Talk to a blind man: he knows he wants the sense of sight, and willingly makes the proper allowances. But there are certain internal senses which a man may want, and yet be wholly ignorant that he wants them. It is most unpleasant to converse with such persons on subjects of taste, philosophy, or religion. Of course there is no reasoning with them, for they do not possess the facts on which the reasoning may be grounded.

Idleness is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief or sinks into melancholy.

Meditation is a busy search in the storehouse of phantasy for some ideas of matters, to be cast in the moulds of resolution into some forms of words or actions; in which search, when I have used my greatest diligence, I find this is the best conclusion, that to meditate on the best is the best of meditations, and a resolution to make a good end is a good end of my resolutions.

Surely the mischief of hypocrisy can never be enough inveighed against. When religion is in request, it is the chief malady of the church, and numbers die of it; though because it is a subtile and inward evil, it be little perceived. It is to be feared there are many sick of it, who may pass well in times of peace, but not in days of trial.

You can't prevent an evil thought from entering your heart occasionally, but you can prevent it from taking up its abode there.

All those with whom we live are like actors on a stage; they assume whatever dress and appearance may suit their present purpose, and they speak and act in strict keeping with this character. In this way we find it difficult to get at their real sentiments, or to bring into clear day the truth, which they have hid in a cloud of darkness.

Alas! we know that ideals can never be completely embodied in practice. Ideals must ever lie a great way off, and we will thankfully content ourselves with any not intolerable approximation thereto! Let no man, as Schiller says, too querulously "measure by a scale of perfection the meagre product of reality" in this poor world of ours.

O vanity, how little is thy force acknowledged or thy operations discerned! How wantonly dost thou deceive mankind under different disguises! Sometimes thou dost wear the face of pity; sometimes of generosity: nay, thou hast the assurance to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue.

Rather do what is nothing to the purpose than be idle, that the Devil may find thee doing. The bird that sits is easily shot, when flers scape the fowler. Idleness is the Dead Sea that swallows all the virtues, and the salt made sepulchre of a living man.

A large portion of human beings live not so much in themselves as in what they desire to be. They create what is called an ideal character, in an ideal form, whose perfections compensate in some degree for the imperfections of their own.

We should never fret over our failures. In the first place it doesn't do any good; in the next place, it may be only a few days until we shall see that our failure was necessary to a greater success; and lastly, it saps our very life away.

The mind is the seat of government of individual human activity. Reason and judgment are the two branches of the legislative department; conscience is the judicial department, and the will is the executive department.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do, and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that some day must be the last one, and that lost time is lost eternity!

No congress, nor mob, nor guillotine, nor fire, nor all together, can avail to cut out, burn or destroy the offense of superiority in persons. The superiority in him is the inferiority in me.

Do you know that there is an immense amount of enjoyment to be derived from a downright good action? You don't? Well, try it once and see how good it will make you feel.

Nothing is so narrowing, contracting, hardening, as always to be moving in the same groove, with no thought beyond what we immediately see and hear close around us.

Unless we cast off the prejudices of the man and become as children, docile and unperverted, we need never hope to enter the temple of philosophy.

A good man's reputation is generally better than his character, while a bad man's character is usually better than his reputation.

Better to undertake a great work and fail than to be content with accomplishing a small thing that requires no heroic effort.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.

Report seldom adheres to the truth—favorable to the man who deserves the worst, and unfavorable to the good.

Failure is one of God's most effective instruments in teaching His creatures that they are not omnipotent.

It is easy for men to write and talk like philosophers, but to act with wisdom, there is the rub!

The World's Happenings.

London has 28 000 streets.

The brandy cigarette is the latest thing.

York, Neb., is a little town, but its street cars have stoves.

A curiosity in Wallingford, Conn., is a dog with three tails.

All the prisoners in the Pensacola, Fla., jail were set free on Christmas eve.

Cork soled shoes are largely taking the place of rubbers for men's winter wear.

The choir girls of New York are grieving because they are being supplanted by boys.

Seventeen hundred and ninety nine persons were arrested during Christmas week in New York city.

A single gold dollar can be made into a sheet that will carpet two rooms sixteen and a half feet square.

A man can hire a house in Japan, keep two servants, and live on the fat of the land all for a little over $20 a month.

A Michigan man, who had lost his wife, kept his store closed till after the funeral, and then docked his clerks for lost time.

The Baxter family, of Norwich, Ct., found a valuable diamond ring stowed away in the interior of their Christmas turkey.

Of the 370 alarms of fire in Washington, D. C., during the year just closed, no less than 105 were received over the telephone.

As a result of experiments made at Manhattan, Kansas, it is reported that the use of salt on wheat fields will increase the yield.

A French doctor advised a nervous woman to sit in a room with a dozen rats running about, and she tried it and was made crazy.

The Sultan, who is a most fickle man regarding his fads, has become interested in typewriting, and is practicing the art sedulously.

The birch rod used by the first teacher in a Vermont school-house, over 100 years ago, is said to be nailed over the present teacher's desk.

The weather was so mild and the ground so soft that farmers in Middletown township, Monmouth county, N. J., plowed their fields last week.

A. V. Pierce, of Cape Elizabeth Me., owns one of the largest poultry farms in New England. He has at present between 7000 and 8000 birds.

A well known lawyer of San Diego, Cal., while in a barber's chair, turned suddenly to speak to a friend, and a piece of his nose was sliced off.

The number of muscles in an elephant's trunk, according to London medical authorities, is 32 128, and he has use for each and every one of them.

In Burmah to give money for a charitable object is supposed to mean that the donor has been very wicked, and that he is desirous to make amends.

John Gilkey, an Isleboro, Me., captain, who has followed the sea for 40 years, took his first ride on a steamboat recently. He has never ventured on the cars.

There are fourteen different towns and cities in the United States named Augusta, and there is never a day that freight and mail matter is not going wrong.

A New Hampshire woman has set out to count the kernels of corn on 30,000 full-fledged cobs, and at last reports she had got through with 2000 cobs and was not discouraged.

Walter Webb, while taking part in an amateur theatrical performance at Austin, Mo., tripped on the stage, and a knife which he had in his hand pierced his heart, killing him instantly.

"Is the American Heart Wearing Out?" is the title of a monograph by Dr. J. W. Dowling, of New York. He thinks we work too hard and live too high in this country, and thus misuse the muscle in question.

Within a month a family named Mercier, in Union Village, Essex county, N. J., have lost four children. One was drowned, and the others died from throat disease, with which both parents are now prostrated.

A Michigan woman practiced with a revolver until she could hit a suspender-button at 8 paces. Then there came a burglar into the house early one morning, and she sent a bullet pinging through her husband's left ear.

A steam engine, just completed after two years of labor, for the Paris Exhibition, is under three fifths of an inch in height, and weighs less than one-ninth of an ounce. It is composed of 120 pieces, and is probably the smallest steam engine ever made.

Crows have become so numerous in Maine that it is estimated that they cost the State $100,000 a year in corn, potatoes, young chickens, fruit, grain and the like. The next Legislature will be asked to pass a law giving a bounty of ten cents for every dead crow.

One Newman, of Rushville, Ind., has a crow which has forsaken its kind and associates altogether with the chickens in the barnyard. At night it roosts with the poultry, and during the daytime feeds with them, and altogether conducts itself as a well-disposed chicken.

Haymaking in December was the novel sight seen in the meadows back of the Palisades, near New Durham, N. Y., the other day. The grass thus cut is marsh grass, and it can be gathered, because of the softness of the soil, only after the ground is frozen. The hay is used for bedding and packing.

A prominent Buffalo physician is an enthusiast on the subject of onions. He feeds them to his children daily, says they are the best medicine for preventing colds, and adds: "Feed onions raw, boiled or baked to the children three or four times a week, and they'll grow up healthy and strong. No worms, no scarlatina, no diphtheria, where children eat plenty of onions every day."

IN THE NIGHT.

BY J. S. MILLS.

In vain, O Moon, thy pensive rise;
Thou orb'st no healing beams to me;
In vain, O Stars, ye deck the skies,
Since I no more your light may see
Twin-mirrored in two liquid eyes.

In vain, O sleepless unseen flirt,
Those warblings sweet, that long low trill;
Thou wak'st in me no answering thrill,
As ones, when, blent with thine, I heard
Love-lispings that were sweeter still.

I wander through the night alone—
I wander blindly like a ghost:
From sights and sounds I loved the most
The glory and the joy are flown,
Through grief for one I loved and lost.

Doctor Unonius.

BY E. NESBIT.

THE solitary tree that stood on Fiddler's Acre was stark and leafless, with but a single branch to support its load of fruit—a ragged corpse that swung and dangled heavily, or spun round and round upon its creaking chain as the wind listed.

For around Fiddler's Acre the wind is always blowing. On the slope, at the gibbet's foot, the grass, flogged and tortured by every gust of heaven in its turn, lay brown and stunted.

Here the gales of two channels seem to have fixed their meeting place, and on dirty nights will race hither over leagues of furze and swamp and naked moorland to swoop around in a devil's dance, and set the wilderness roaring amain; so that the wayfarer, overtaken by its riot upon the high road that winds around the base of this dreary eminence, may well chance to hear every note in the Æolian gamut, and catch a buffet from every corner of the compass before he can get his breath again and go his way giving thanks or cursing, as the case may be.

"Come up, Dapple! Shoulders at it, old fellow!"

Dr. Unonius, driving homewards in his light gig, heaved a sigh of resignation, and addressed a word of encouragement to his horse before plunging into the terrible turmoil.

It was past midnight, and a bright north wind was cleaving the heavens and shrieking past his ears.

To his left, above the gallows on Fiddler's Acre, hung the waning moon, dimmed only as at intervals a torn cloud scudded past her face to join the black battalion of its comrades massed on the horizon behind.

Lamps, on such a night, were a superfluity, and, moreover, old Dapple knew every inch of the road. But the Doctor carried them nevertheless, for emergencies.

He was a young man. So much could be learnt of his figure even in spite of the thick overcoat, the collar of which, as he bent to meet the blast, allowed nothing of his face to be seen but a pair of very black eyebrows and two very red ears.

He was also a very slight man—so slight that it was a miracle the tempest had not torn him from his perch on that rickety gig.

But the Doctor was also an exceedingly wise young man, and in spite of surroundings wore that pleasant frame of mind which becomes one who has been dining with the squire, and bears home his share of the squire's port beneath his waistcoat; nor was he the more disposed to quarrel with the night because he had indulged his genius in its earlier hours. So he expressed his regret in nothing but a simple sigh.

"Weather and highwaymen," soliloquised this elderly youth, "I bite my thumb at them both. As for weather, I am furnished against it out of the squire's generous hospitality."

The Doctor at this point opened his lips to give effect to a stave, but shut them again quickly on a mouthful of cold, freezing wind.

In a brief lull of the storm his gaze had wandered to the summit of Fiddler's Acre, by this time immediately above his left, and to the gibbet blackly outlined against the moor.

But it was not this that caused him to jerk at the reins with a quick exclamation.

At the gallows' foot, and distinct upon the sky-line, stood a human figure—the figure of a woman.

For a moment his gaze rested upon this dark silhouette.

Then with a howl the storm swept down again—lashing, pounding, and raving around his ears with a full orchestration of basso and falsetto.

For a moment the gig staggered in this whirlwind; then master and horse bent their heads a-rush, and fought their way through it.

When, after full two minutes of this conflict, the Doctor looked up again towards the gibbet, the figure had vanished.

For nearly half a mile the road trended to the left around Fiddler's Acre, and every step was contested by old Dapple against a dozen furious gusts.

Presently the moon shone before them and revealed the highway stretching whitely to the west across the level moor. The winds, strong as ever, grew steady again as they turned their backs upon the gallows.

The Doctor turned round to take a last look.

"This is very extraordinary," he muttered. "I'll be sworn I saw a woman. But what on earth can a woman be after on Fiddler's Acre, at this hour and in such weather, I'll be equally sworn I cannot guess. Rizpah, perhaps, keeping watch over the fellow that was hoisted there two days back—what's his name? Renatus—Renatus Bennet. An odd name, that, for a——"

He broke off to turn sharply round again; for the usually sober Dapple had shied violently to the right, and now stood stock-still, with his legs planted widely, in the middle of the road.

"Steady, Dapple! What ails the horse? Hullo!"

To the left of the road, and just before him, stood a woman.

Her figure was larger than the ordinary, and shaped with the clumsiness of middle age. Over her head was flung a dark shawl, which her left hand held tightly together at the throat. In her right hand she carried a large bag.

This was as much as the Doctor could see, for the shawl concealed her features.

"Hullo!" said he again. "Do you want a lift?"

The woman appeared to hesitate. Then she made a step forward and halted.

"Are you going my way?" called the Doctor, more loudly.

She nodded. "Yes," she answered at last, and her voice was hoarse and constrained.

"Come round to the other side then, and get up. Here, give me your bag."

The woman crossed in front of Dapple—who backed a foot or so uneasily—came round to the step, and handed up her bag.

It was a two-handled carpet-bag of considerable depth, and Doctor Unonius, as he took it from her and rested it against the splashboard, noticed also that it was exceedingly heavy. He held out his hand. The woman grasped it, and clambered up beside him.

He gave a sharp look at her, and called to old Dapple. The horse pulled himself together and broke into a brisk trot, which continued for hard upon half a mile before either occupant of the gig broke the silence.

For Doctor Unonius was considering. He was a cool-headed man, but at this time of night, and in this place, the problem that faced him was neither easy nor pleasant.

He had to deal with a discovery—and the discovery was this:

The hand which had just grasped his was no woman's at all, but the hand of a man.

He stole another glance at his companion. She, or he, was leaning forward in a huddled attitude to meet the wind, which by this time was attacking the right-hand side of the gig.

No atom of face could be seen: only the hand which grasped the shawl.

If any doubts had lurked in the Doctor's mind, the sight of this hand resolved them. It was a man's hand, plainly enough. He recognized this with a slight thrill, which was not fear, but certainly was not that of ease.

"You are shivering," he said.

The crouching figure nodded, but did not speak.

"Are you cold?"

For a moment there was no answer, then a shake of the head.

"Ill then? I am a doctor: let me feel your pulse."

His companion made a quick gesture as if to hide the hand grasping the rail of the gig. There was a hesitating pause, and then the hand was reached across to the doctor.

Dr. Unonius, drawing off his right-hand glove with his teeth, laid his fingers in professional fashion upon the wrist, and took occasion to look well at the hand. Yes; he was right. The palm was large and horny, the fingers knotted with a white scar, as of some long-healed cut, running across them.

He could see also that the finger-tips were stained and brown. Altogether, it was a villainous hand—a "gallows hand," as the Doctor muttered to himself; and then, something in the pulse's beat caught his attention.

At the end of half a minute he relaxed his grasp, and the hand was smartly withdrawn.

At the same moment the Doctor's own hand went swiftly upwards to his head. There was a tug at the reins, and old Dapple came to a standstill with a sprawl that almost fetched him backwards on his haunches.

"My hat's gone!" exclaimed the surprised Doctor.

Sure enough it was. As he peered after it into the moonlight, he saw a black speck travel horizontally away across the heath for some twenty yards, and then drop gracefully against a dark clump of furze bushes.

"My hat is gone," repeated he.

His companion did not budge, hardly so much as turned a glance, but sat as before, shivering and dumb.

"Would you mind jumping down and fetching it? It lies yonder among the furze," ventured the Doctor politely.

"Can't you do without it?" was the reply. The voice was husky and the tone ungracious.

"No I cannot."

"Then why not get it yourself? I'll hold the horse."

"Because I do not choose." The Doctor was beginning to lose his temper. "Damn it, madam! manners are manners, but remember this is my gig."

"Curse your hat!" was the answer, muttered under the speaker's breath. But the figure rose, nevertheless, and set one foot on the step.

"Hand me down my bag, if I'm to go for it. Manners may be manners, but they're one thing and trusting's another."

The stranger climbed out and stood beside the step, with one hand holding on to the edge of the foot board.

"Come, hand down my bag."

For answer, Dr. Unonius lifted his foot and brought it down suddenly on the detaining hand, grinding his heel savagely into the fingers. Almost at the same moment the lash fell over Dapple's haunches.

There was a yell of pain, a wild curse, a scattering of hoofs, and the old horse, unaccustomed to the whip, well nigh scared out of his senses, plunged forward into the night.

For a minute or so, Dr. Unonius, as he called and plied the lash alternately, fancied he heard above the rattle of the gig and clatter of Dapple's gallop the sound of footsteps pursuing him down the hard road.

It died away, however, and indeed the horse was fairly beside himself with terror and tore along as though the devil sat behind the splash-board.

At the end of two miles, and before the road left the skirts of the moor to dip towards the hollow where lay the little town and his home, the Doctor thought fit to pull up and breathe him a bit.

They were between hedges now, with the wind behind them and the moon well upon the right, casting a deep shadow halfway across the road.

For several minutes the Doctor's gaze had dwelt with curiosity on the carpet-bag in front of him.

He felt some little squeamishness at first about exploring it, but impatience and a recollection of that villainous grip, as well as of the figure upon Fiddler's Acre, got the mastery.

Setting old Dapple at a walk, he leant forward and drew the heavy bag up to his knee.

The carpet-bag was old and soiled with mud, the handles black and frayed with use. It was secured by a brass lock, now coated green with verdigris, and a rusty key on a tag of whipcord depended from one of the handles. This key the Doctor fitted into the lock and turned.

He plunged his hand deeply into the bag and drew out a horse pistol, then a saw, two horn-flask, and half a yard or less of crape. Finally, and from the bottom of the bag, he pulled forth a small bundle.

The bundle was wrapped around in a coarse bit of linen and tied with a fragment of crape. He untied this and pushed aside the wrapper. In spite of his coolness he sat for a moment bolt upright transfixed with horror.

On his knees lay a human hand.

As the moonlight fell upon it, he could see that it had been neatly severed at the wrist and the bones carefully sawn.

He noticed also that it was a right hand, and then he swiftly wrapped the thing up again, bundled it with the rest of his discoveries back into the bag, cut once more at old Dapple with the whip, and never drew rein or slackened pace until he reached his own door.

Dr. Unonius inhabited a small cottage on the outskirts of the little town, and high up on the hillside which fringed the moor. Being poor, he stabled old Dapple and bestowed the gig under cover with his own hands; and being unmarried, as he lifted out the bag and entered his front door he determined, late as the hour was, to treat himself to a glass of strong waters and examine his prize at leisure before retiring to bed.

The room which he entered served him alike for sitting room and laboratory.

As he struck a light and lit his reading-lamp it revealed a narrow chamber lined about the wall with shelves full of glass bottles and volumes bound in sober calf. In every bit of space not so occupied hung anatomical designs and pictures that made the lay hair stand on end.

Around the centre table a medley of retort stands, ragged quartos, papers, instruments, and even bottles of curious shape, littered the floor.

A box from which a human thigh-bone protruded stood in one corner, and a pair of skulls covered with ink splashes grinned among the pipes and bottles on the mantel shelf.

In this dismal den the Doctor moved at his ease.

From a phial that looked fit only to hold poison, but which, to judge from the smell, contained whiskey, he mixed himself a glass; then divesting himself of his driving coat and wraps, he lit a short pipe, set the carpet-bag upon the table, and pulling his chair up, began methodically to explore the contents.

He was a slim man with a grave and yellowish face, that gave curious contradiction to the sentiments he uttered when first we made his acquaintance.

Something in his figure and the cut of his black suit compelled the belief that he was younger than he looked.

The hair around his temples was scanty, but dark as a crow's wing. He was clean shaven, with two lines, one on either side of a thin and somewhat long upper lip, that had a habit of deepening and contracting in moments of thought; otherwise the features were immobile and enigmatical.

He pulled out the pistol—a clumsy weapon, but clean in the barrel—examined it, drew the charge, and carefully reloaded. Setting down the weapon by his right hand, he took a sip of whiskey and proceeded with his search.

One by one the contents of the bag were arranged before him in a semicircle, with the pistol as its termination upon the right, until he came to the bundle.

This, without change of his expressionless face, he placed before him in the centre of the arc, and, drawing the lamp closer, with a light hand unwrapped.

It was a man's hand, small and not rudely formed, but marred to some extent with signs of coarse labor.

The long and prehensile fingers were blunted at the tips, the deep and frequent lines across the palm interrupted here and there by callous spots and gails.

It had been severed from the forearm at about two inches above the wrist, and the knife had cut across an anchor deeply tattooed in the skin. The upper part of this device, with the two last words of the motto *Never say Die*, adorned the edge.

"From the gallows, of course," said Dr. Unonius to himself. "H'm, the Line of Life ends with some abruptness, and as for the Line of Fate it finds itself towards the end in a perfect welter of crosses and unholy marks. Master Renatus Bennet had a short life and a merry one—and a devilish iniquitous one to boot," he added reflectively.

He turned the hand over.

"The Faculty flouts palmistry," he muttered. "H'm, so much the worse for the Faculty; but one cannot blame it, seeing how the principles are expounded at present. Anyway, I'm deeply obliged to that ruffian for his present. It's an interesting hand—not altogether villainous, but sly, sly to a degree. There's something about it that beats me entirely. I wonder——"

He had half turned and risen from his chair with arm extended to reach down a book from the shelf behind, when he heard a tapping on the outer door.

The Doctor paused in the act of rising. The tapping was repeated, a succession of gentle knocks followed by a pause.

"Who's there?" inquired the Doctor, rising and moving to his chamber door.

The tapping had been resumed again, but

broke off suddenly.

He stepped out into the passage and repeated his question.

"Never mind who 'tis," answered a voice in a hoarse whisper. "I've brought your hat."

Doctor Unonius, finger on lip, stood considering, then softly shot back the bolt and opened the door.

"Come in," he said.

A dark figure crossed the threshold and halted in the passage as the Doctor refastened the door.

"Come into the room here," commanded he.

The figure followed him.

It still wore its skirt and the dark shawl which it drew further down, as though to keep off the dazzle of the lamp-light, which burned very bright.

"Now," said the Doctor, turning sharply round. "What do you want?"

"Here 'tis," said the visitor, extending the hat towards him.

"Put it down on the table, and let me know what you want."

A pair of glistening eyes were fixed upon the array upon the table.

"I wants," said the figure, "them things;" and it nodded towards them.

"And in particular, I suppose," replied Dr. Unonius, reseating himself in the chair, and with his left hand arranging the shade of the lamp so as to throw the light full upon his visitor, "and in particular, I suppose—this hand?"

The figure nodded again.

Dr Unonius kept his right hand close to the pistol.

"To begin with," he resumed, "let me see who you are."

His companion shrank back in amazement.

"Come, come. I know you to be a man. I discovered that when I helped you into my gig. Further, to be wandering about Fiddler's Acre in the dead of night, with another man's hand concealed in a bag, is, to say the least, suspicious, is it not? So if you refuse to let me know who your are, you must excuse me," continued the Doctor, tapping the pistol significantly, "if I, on my side, refuse to give up this hand."

There was a pause.

The Doctor, with his face in the shadow, tapped impatiently as though waiting for an answer.

"Will you give it up if you know who I am?"

"That depends," replied the Doctor flexibly."

His visitor hesitated for a second or two, seemed as if about to speak again, and then with a sudden gesture, flung back the shawl.

A low-browed, mottled, villainous face, garnished with a stubbly Newgate fringe, and surmounted with a thatch of ragged hair of an undecided color, met the eyes of Dr. Unonius.

The expression was sullenly defiant, and the eyes shifted uneasily.

The Doctor gazed at him for some moments with calm observance.

"I know you," he said at last. "You are Master Calvin Higgs."

His visitor nodded sullenly.

"Charged at the last Assizes, along with Renatus Bennet, with robbery of His Majesty's Mail and murder of Richard Hemslow, the guard——"

"I got off," urged Mr. Higgs with some hoarseness.

"You got off," camly assented the Doctor, "by turning King's evidence at the last moment, and fastening the noose around your comrade's neck. So you are Master Calvin Higgs. Sir, pardon the remark, but—you look it."

Mr. Higgs's mottled face wore a puzzled expression.

"Give over that hand you've got," he growled.

"Pardon me, again, Mr. Higgs. I must first know why you want it."

"Look y'here," answered the informer, "I've come here peaceable, ha'n't I? And I've behaved peaceable, ha'n't I? And I've never done you no harm, but asked you a civil question, ha'n't I?"

"To all these questions, Mr. Higgs, I cheerfully answer, Yes."

"That bein' so, I asks you to hand over my property."

"And I reply—What do you want with it?"

"I might ha' broken your blessed head," murmured the informer regretfully.

"Had you tried it, my friend, I should have blown out your rascally brains," was the Doctor's bland reply.

The voice of Mr. Higgs changed suddenly to a whine.

"Look y'here. Aint this a low game you're playin'—robbin' a man of his rightful property?"

"What do you want with this hand?" asked the Doctor.

There was a long pause.

Finally the ruffian stepped up to the table and bent across it.

"You won't tell a soul?" he whispered.

"We shall see."

The informer stepped back a pace, hesitated, came forward again, whispered in tones like the grating of a saw.

"I wants to make a *Hand of Glory*."

"A Hand of Glory?"

Mr. Higgs nodded darkly.

"That's so: the murderer's hand' and 'twas Renatus as did for the guard. I saw 'un with those blessed eyes, same as I said to his lordship at the trial. An' I wants to make a Hand of Glory, and make it fetch and carry, and find out where the money's hid to. Renatus was a saving man you know and——"

The speaker's jaw dropped suddenly, and he broke off as one who had said too much already.

"Go on," said the Doctor placidly. "Renatus was a saving man, and hid his gains——"

"That's what they used to say; but more than likely 'twas all lies."

"I see. And that is just what you wish to find out by help of the hand of glory. If it's not a rude question, how do you propose to prepare it?"

"You'll give up that hand if I tell you?"

"I think it likely."

"Say, 'Strike me blind and dumb.'"

"I shall say nothing half so foolish. As I see by the twitching of your fingers that you have the secret hidden in the left-hand pocket of your waistcoat, you may as well produce it at once."

"Why you, you know everything," muttered Mr. Calvin Higgs with sudden fierceness. But he fumbled in his pocket nevertheless, and after some search produced a scrap of paper. Still keeping his right hand on the pistol, the Doctor reached across for it with his left.

"You shall have it back, I promise you," he said.

The paper was folded small, and greasy at the edges with wear. Across the inside ran some mystic lines in faded yellow ink. With difficulty Dr. Unonius spelt them out.

Dr. Unonius read it twice through and looked up.

Across the table the informer was regarding him with a certain wistfulness in his small evil eyes.

There was a pause as the Doctor folded up the paper and returned it.

He placed the pistol on his knee and leant back with his elbows resting on the chair-arms, and finger-tips together.

"So you think that is going to make the dead hand run errands for you?"

His visitor smiled uneasily.

"Certain sure. Aunt Tuckey gave it to me years back; an' I reckon she knew, if anybody."

"I think, replied the Doctor with a faint smile, "if you do not mind, I can show you a better way, one that will make these fingers move if they are ever to move again in this world."

"You will?"

"In a minute or so," continued the Doctor slipping the pistol into his coat-pocket and rising. "Mind, you are not to touch the hand until I give you leave."

"May I be——"

"Stop. The wish you were going to utter is both gratuitous and unnecessary. You observe that I take precautions."

He stepped to the door, locked it, and pocketed the key.

His yellowish face as he came back was absolutely without expression save for the two deepened lines about the mouth.

Turning to a dark corner of the little room, he stooped, and returned to the table carrying what appeared to be a pile of metallic plates, each pair separated from the next by layers of flannel, or a like substance.

"This," he explained, setting his burden on the table, "is a pile."

"And a very good name, too," commented Mr. Higgs.

"It is generally thought enough to moisten the flannel layers, Mr. Higgs. You and I, however, know that this is not the case. I, because I studied the subject with some success at the University of Pavia; you, because I tell you."

The informer stared, open-mouthed at such remarks.

"Would you mind handing me that bottle on the shelf yonder—the third bottle to the left? Be very careful of it, if you please. Thank you."

Mr. Higgs now noticed that while half of the plates, or discs, were of bright copper, the others were formed of some darker metal.

These dark plates Doctor Unonius carefully separated from the rest.

Next, into a porcelain trough he proceeded to pour the contents of the bottle—a thick steel-blue liquid—and to immerse the selected plates in this one by one with great care, letting the liquid run over the surface at top and bottom, and examining each disc minutely by the bright light from the lamp.

This done, he rearranged his pile as before—a dark plate against a copper with a layer of flannel (which he carefully moistened from a pail beneath the table) on top of each pair.

Then having fitted the whole adroitly together, he produced from the drawer two long wires, and then looked at his companion.

"Now, may I ask you to approach the *corpus*?"

"The what?"

"To come and lay your fingers firmly on the hand here. Stop; first let me moisten the wrist."

He did so from the pail with a small sponge.

Master Calvin Higgs in abject fear did as he was directed.

The Doctor deftly fitted his wires to the top and bottom of his pile, and stepping up, brought them in contact with the muscles of the dead wrist.

Mr. Higgs started back with a terrible clatter.

"By Heaven's, it's *moving*! Heaven ha' mercy on us!"

Dr. Unonius coolly rearranged the wires and bent over his hand.

"Moving, fool? Of course it's moving. Hollos, what's this?"

The fingers, which at first had merely twitched convulsively, were now moving in a most strange manner to and fro upon the table.

The motion was from left to right, and back again, with thumb and forefinger tightly pressed together.

The Doctor suddenly raised his head. For the first time there was a gleam of excitement in his eyes.

"Pen and paper! Quick, quick, for Heaven's sake!"

He snatched them from his trembling companion and, quick as thought, had slipped a sheet of paper under the hand. Then dipping the quill in ink he forced it between the tightly fastened thumb and forefinger. They closed at once.

Immediately, and with no interruption in the motion of the hand, an inked line began to travel over the white surface of the paper.

Doctor Unonius bent forward breathlessly.

Higgs clutched the edge of the table for support. His mottled face was pale as death, and large beads broke out and trickled down his forehead.

There was a dead silence in the room, save the scratching of the quill.

"My God!" muttered the Doctor.

With a splutter the writing ceased, the hand paused, hesitated, and dropped limp upon the paper. The pen fell from its grasp, the fingers twitched once or twice feebly, and were still.

Recovering himself, Dr. Unonius drew the sheet away and looked. What he saw was a rude sketch of some rocks marked at the bottom with a cross.

Dr. Unonius looked at this for a minute or so, then turned to Calvin Higgs. His face had grown suddenly pale, and the lines about his mouth were deeper than ever.

"Have you ever seen anything like this?" he asked, showing the paper.

The informer shrank away.

"For the Lord's sake, Doctor, don't ask me! I dunno. Hallos! Blamed if it ain't something like Holgar's Barrow, only Holgar's Barrow has three pillars and this hasn' but two!"

"Holgar's Barrow—two miles to the east of the cross ways?"

"That's it, but Holgar's Barrow has three legs, an' this——"

"You fool, cannot you see that this is only half a sketch, that we were only in time for half!"

The two men looked into each other's eyes, and the Doctor's gaze as before had the mastery,

"How much was Renatus Bennet said to be worth?"

"Folks said different; some five hundred others thousands. Look y'here, Doctor, you'll play square, share and share alike? When shall we search?"

"Now," said the Doctor, stepping towards his coat, which hung against the door.

Calvin Higgs bent over the paper, now lying on the table.

"Renatus was a rare sly one with his money. Hundreds and hundreds he stowed away, I'll warrant. An' to think of his givin' up the secret in this way."

Dr. Unonius's hand was busy with his coat pocket.

"To think of his drawin' it out as plain as a pike-staff, and popping down a cross, too, to mark the very spot. I swore when he cheated me two years agone, I'd be even with 'un some day."

"Eh!" said the Doctor, stepping back across the room.

"Blessed if I thought, to do it so well as this. Holgar's Barrow, too, of all places, but he was a deep one!"

Gradually the Doctor's hand stole around from behind.

"Hundreds, did I say? Like as not 'tis a thousand or two. Two thou——"

The poor wretch fell forward, striking his forehead smartly against the table, then, all his muscles relaxing, dropped like a log upon the floor.

* * * * * *

Three-quarters of an hour later Dr. Unonius re-entered the room. The hand and Calvin Higgs had alike disappeared. The table was clear.

A faint smell as of burnt almonds still hung about the air.

The Doctor opened the shutters, and throwing up the window, gazed out on the grey dawn. He shivered slightly.

"Renatus!" he muttered, "a good name. I suppose my conscience ought to be busy now. Well, well, the dog has Christian burial; he has endowed research; and at the worst I but anticipated Providence but a few days. The fellow's heart was diseased through and through—I knew that the moment I felt his pulse."

The Dusky Strand.

BY E. ADAIR.

"I AM SO HAPPY!"

The soft whisper was born, like an elf, on a moonlight night. A glorious night. The very air seemed steeped with silver radiance, for overhead the full moon burned with a white intense light, as she hung, like a lamp, in the deep vault of an Indian sky.

Could anything be more perfect than her life at that moment? Maura Vernon thought, filled as it was with a love as beautiful and unfathomable as the night-sky, and as entrancing as the fair moon-light that enwrapt earth's commonest objects with its own veil of glamor and fascination.

The day had been unbearably hot in the little traveller's bungalow, in spite of its white walls and thatched roof; but now, in delicious contrast, a languid, sensuous coolness filled the air; across the dim line of the high road floated vibrating notes of cicalas from their haunts amongst the trees on the wooded bridge beyond, and over all the landscape clung a faint mist that added to the half-mysterious charm of the beautiful night.

A table and some chairs, on one of which Maura lay, were placed in the open: at some distance a couple of tall foreigners, in white undress uniform, were talking to a "shikari" (native hunter), who stood in a picturesque attitude, one hand holding the muzzle of his gun, the other gesticulating as he was speaking.

Some dark forms were huddled below the verandah steps—coolies—anxious to be hired for to-morrow's hunting expedition.

Before the group sat a white terrier, severely erect and alert, superintending the whole arrangement with conscious responsibility, while a retriever sniffed anxiously at the stock of the native's gun which rested on the ground.

Maura's eyes, after scanning earth and sky, rested on this picture with happy interest. All that she had to love upon earth, her husband and brother, were there, and love is a miser who would fain keep its treasure always within touch and sight. At that moment her husband turned and sauntered towards her.

How she loved him! And yet a year ago she had not known that such a being existed as Rex Vernon! Could it be possible? For now!

A whole world of pride and passionate affection dwelt in that world "now." Her lover, her husband, with his stately height and the dark handsome face some thought so stern, but she knew how it could smile if went too.

Her lips were silent, but her loving eyes welcomed him. As he passed to take to the chair beside hers, he laid his hand for a second on the soft gold of her hair. "'My bird with the shining head,'" he quoted.

"Rex," she said, with a thrill in her voice, leaning towards him, "I have just been thinking how happy I am—my life is perfect."

"Darling!" His hand closed tightly over hers.

"It seems as if nothing could break it, or alter it, or make it better; but, you know, there is something more than love in the world." She paused, for her voice had thrilled away to a broken whisper. "And when you quoted "Maud" I remembered what it was—

"The dusky strand of Death, inwoven here
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear."

"Rex, love, darling, if I were to die——"

"Don't," said the young man, hoarsely, springing to his feet. How ethereal and lovely her dear face seemed in the moonlight, he thought, as he walked up and down once or twice before returning to her side.

"Look here, wife," he said, with a forced smile, "you are like an angel, but now that you have developed a nice, comfortable, earthly faculty for making us both wretched, I become easy in my mind as to the chance of your taking wings and flying away from me yet awhile. No, darling, no!" (seeing she was going to speak): "Let us be happy as long as we can, and if trouble comes to-morrow we'll have all the more strength to face it."

He spoke the words, not lightly indeed, but little dreaming what to-morrow was to bring.

Just then Maura's brother came up and flung himself into a seat. He was a slight young fellow, as fair-haired as his beautiful sister.

"Never met such a babbling old beggar as Gunga Ram!" he exclaimed, as he stretched himself wearily. "He bangs Banagher for talk."

"What did he have to say?" asked Maura.

"As near nothing as possible, but by dint of repetition it grew into a lengthy history."

"Has he seen any leopards?"

Terence Egan sat up and looked solemnly at the happy young couple sitting opposite to him.

"Has not Vernon told you yet what Gunga said? No?" He sank back with a groan of despair, while the two others laughed rather consciously. "Come here, Dan," he continued, when he had, presumably, recovered strength to speak.

At this, the retriever sat down in front of his master, and thumped the ground with his tail while he offered a paw with all a dog's feeble, foolish amiability.

"Dan, it's the old story again, my boy!" said Terence, in a weak voice, as if overcome by the discovery, "the old, old story. Wouldn't ye think, now, that any sort of creature that had sense at all—let alone a man and a woman—would be tired by this time for repeating whatever people say when they're in love? I never courted a girl myself, so I cannot tell ye, Dan."

"Ah, Terence!" from Maura, "and how about Fanny Warburton, and Miss Sullivan, and the look of Norah Kelly's red hair?"

"I don't know what they do be saying," repeated that unprincipled young man, with a most mellifluous brogue, "when they're in love; but one would think, after six months of courting, and three of matrimony, they could start something fresh unless they were born idiots, you know; so away, Dan, and try not to think about it, or it will ruin your constitution altogether."

"I was removing my wife when you came up," said Vernon, laughing.

"Oh, you were? Allow me to remark that you did not look like it."

"Very likely not; connubial quarrels are generally kept quiet by reserved folks like Maura and me. Here's Maura dying to hear about those leopards."

"Ah! tell her yourself," returned Ter-

ence, and once more collapsed into the depths of his chair.

"Gunga Ram says there are some leopards—two—in the hills. He is going to send beaters out in the morning, and we are to be with him at six o'clock, sharp."

"Far off?" asked Maura.

"Three miles or so up the road" returned her husband.

"Then, Terence, I'll ride your grey pony there!" exclaimed Maura.

"Just as you like," replied Terence, agreeably, but Vernon here interfered.

"You, Maura! Nonsense, you don't propose to go shooting with us?"

"Why not? I've always gone before."

"Quite a different thing—shooting blue pigeons or sand-grouse."

"And a very pretty shot she is, too," murmured Terence, parenthetically.

"Are you mad, Terence? Don't you see she should stay at home! Vernon turned to his brother-in-law.

"I could not make you stay there though—not if I saw double! with helpless fondness. "Nor you either, I'll be bound if you could."

"Maura, dear, be advised," began Vernon.

"Rex," the white, coaxing hand slipped into his; "don't you know I'll be quite safe with you? I always feel so safe when I'm with you," she pleaded.

"Ah!" was the meaning comment on this from Terence's chair.

"Let me go, Rex. I feel as if I must go to-morrow!" went on Maura, persuasively.

Now, captain Rex Vernon was a young man of stern demeanor, who had then reputation, as adjutant of his regiment, of being a strict disciplinarian, but his reply to this appeal was not what might have been expected of him.

"I say, Terence—look here!"

"I'm looking," returned Terence, with melancholy regret in his voice; "and I grieve to say I never saw a man in so short a time more altered for the worse than you, my poor fellow. You have not the spirit of a hen left in you, as we say out here in the tropics, or you would reprove your wife again very severely."

"Be serious, Terence!"

"You'll never do a day's good with her, Vernon, unless you show courage and resolution now," went on Terence, in a tone of remonstrance. "Get up and abuse her like a man!"

Maura and Rex burst out laughing.

"My good fellow!" exclaimed the latter; "it's easy to see you don't know what it is to have a wife."

"No; but I know what it is to have a sister who has a mind—of a sort—and can make it up. I remember when I was an innocent youth of ten, Maura made up her mind to go duck-shooting over Kilmaker bog. She wasn't quite five. I didn't want to go, for I was a nice, quiet, harmless little chap, without an ounce of mischief in me——"

"Oh, Terence!"

"But she got the gun, and I got a duck, and we both got wet feet, and I was whipped till I couldn't see, for leading the innocent baby into danger, and Maura got bread and blackberry jam, and——"

"Oh, I may go with you to-morrow Rex, darling?" said the sweet, laughing, pleading voice.

And, for the life of him, Rex could not—no, he could not say "No!"

* * * * * *

"Now then, Vernon, where's your wife? Make her hurry up!" said Terence, as he stood on the steps of the verandah, in the morning dusk, sipping his coffee.

Vernon, who had disposed his tall frame in a long chair, looked up with a mild but longing inquiry.

"How did you make her hurry up when she was your sister and not my wife, as she now is?"

"I gave you the recipe last night. I talked to her, I can tell you."

"And this was how I effectually put a stop to it!" added Maura herself, coming into the verandah from behind the grass mat that covered the door that was behind them.

But as soon as Terence caught sight of the slight little figure in the holland habit, he laid down his cup and ignominiously fled.

"See how empty his boasting is!" remarked Mr. Vernon, with very appropriate dignity.

"Ah! wait awhile, Vernon, my dear boy: you have yet to learn to what a pitch of vicious perfection pinching can be brought! Good-bye, I don't feel safe around here any longer." So saying, he walked off towards the road, but across the slowly brightening air his pathetic tenor floated back to them in a fragment of an old Irish love song.

"Just listen to that boy!" exclaimed Maura. "Ah! here comes poor little Barney O'Hea."

Barney O'Hea was a knowing-looking grey pony with a thick but beautiful white mane.

"Did you ever see such a lovely little thing?" said the girl, patting his shapely neck.

"Only once," was the prompt, martial rejoinder, as Rex lifted his wife into the saddle. "Now make Barney walk, as we are late."

Along the road that wound under the ridge they passed in silence.

The soft smile called up by her husband's last words still lingered about Maura's wilful mouth when Rex laid his hand on the reins to stop Barney's advance, at the same time beckoning to the coolie who carried his gun to come up.

His practised eye had caught some movement amongst the shrubs on the slope. There was a report, and, before the smoke cleared away, two sepoys, who accompanied them, were racing up the hill-side to see what had been killed by the shot.

"A wild sheep," pronounced Vernon, when they returned carrying a deer-like creature, whose large brown eyes were already glazed in death.

"Poor, pretty creature! It seems a shame to take away life on this fresh, happy morning!" Maura said, full of that easily awakened pity happiness engenders.

"You won't think it a shame when you are enjoying the saddle of wild mutton at dinner this evening, I can tell you," rejoined Rex, talking the more manlike and practical view of the matter.

Soon after this they came up with Terence and Gunga Ram. Here Maura dismounted, as the rest of the way must be traversed on foot.

In single file they followed the native through the winding wood-paths up the ascent of the ridge, till their path was crossed at right angles by another. At this point Terence elected to remain, while Gunga Ram, having described to Vernon a favorable position to be found at some distance to the left, turned off himself to the right.

Rex and Maura soon reached the coign of vantage, on a rocky prominence girt with thorn-bushes, behind which the ground sloped sharply down.

The shrubs and undergrowth closed thickly round them on all sides, the only clear view being over the path by which they had come.

There was no one in sight; the light still strove with the dusky shadows under the trees; and solitude seemed enchanted.

Rex looked to his gun, for the cries of the beaters came faintly from the distance, then he turned to his wife.

"Darling, I hope I did not do wrong in allowing you to come," he said, repenting too late of his concession to her wishes.

For answer, she held up a pistol with a pretty air of bravado. He could not resist the picture—the small, pale, undaunted face under the soft shadow of her Terai hat. He laid down his gun carefully and took the pistol from her with one hand, while the other arm went closely around her.

A long moment of exquisite silence, and then Maura found herself once more, pistol in hand, gazing at the tangled woodways, her eyes blurred with glorious tears.

The "honk, honk" of the beaters came clearly to their ears now, and all about was the rustle of breaking twigs, and moving leaves, and scurrying noises, as birds flew frightened overhead, and the lesser animals rushed frantically through the underwood before the advancing beaters.

Bang! the sound of a shot far away. Then a louder rushing and tramping near at hand, a dark object crossed the line of the path. Rex fired. A more furious rush, and then a crash, followed by a silence. In the midst of this silence (which was only comparative, for the rustling and scurrying overhead and around continued) arose a strange, low, weird sound—it might have been a cry, and then a sullen roar that made Rex stand rigidly alert, and vow in his soul that if he once got his wife out of this dangerous jungle, never again would he allow her to run a similar risk.

The thought had scarcely crossed his mind, when he saw a sight that, for a second, held him as if rooted to the ground in horror. A small, slight figure emerged from the bushes at some distance down the open track, and ran off in the opposite direction—his wife! He comprehended at once what had happened. In that strange cry Maura had recognized, or fancied she had recognized, her brother's voice, and to save him, Rex, from being involved in the danger, had crept noiselessly away to go herself to the rescue!

"Maura, Maura!" he called but she only ran on more quickly, he following. What followed afterwards seemed all crowded into one awful point of time. The next bend in the path showed him Terence lying at the foot of the tree where they had parted from him; and over him, his teeth fixed in his shoulder, crouched a huge tiger. There was blood on the ground and blood on Terence's face, but whether the young man was hurt, or whether it all flowed from a wound in the tiger's side Vernon could not tell.

And still there sped before him that flying figure! Without halt or hesitation, on and on, Maura was close on the tiger before the creature became aware of her presence. Then as it raised its head she fired, being quite close to it at the moment.

Rex heard the sharp report of the pistol, the animal seemed to make an ineffectual lurch forward as if to spring upon her, and then it fell heavily across Terence's body, dead!

Soon the beaters and Gunga Ram came hurrying up, and the dead tiger was dragged away from his now unconscious victim.

In an agony of grief and terror, Maura knelt beside her brother, bathing his cold brows with water, kissing him, and praying him to speak to her.

By-and-by he opened his eyes, and catching sight of her blanched face, tried to smile faintly, and whispered—

"Don't cry, dear, I don't feel any pain. I'll—be better—soon. Kiss me—Maura."

His lips scarcely answered her passionate caress; his eyes closed wearily, there was a sigh or two, and the gates of the Silent Land had opened once more for a soul to enter in.

* * * * * *

A little boy of six or seven years old lies full length on a large tiger-skin rug on the floor.

"And this is where Gunga Ram's bullet went in," he murmurs, as if repeating well-known words, his little fingers touching the beast's shoulder; "and then it crept off and then mamma came, and never once hesitated, or she must have been killed too, and she shot him right in the eye. Oh papa, wasn't it well she didn't hesitate—that she was quite downright brave?"

The child sits up and regards his father earnestly: but before any answer can be made, the door opens, and in a minute he is flying across the room to clasp his small arms round his mother's waist, while he sobs out—

"Oh, mamma, mamma, wasn't it well you wasn't killed too! How could we be happy without you?"

Maura lifts the child to her breast, and over the fair head and clear cut features—so like the dead Terence's—of their child the eyes of husband and wife meet, and each remembers the words spoken on that moonlight night long ago—

"The dusky strand of Death, inwoven
[illegible]
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear."

SOME CYNICAL SAYINGS.—Some of the old proverbs relating to woman are anything but complimentary. Thus, we are reminded that "the more women look in their glasses, the less they look to their houses;" and, again, "a fair woman and a slashed gown will always find some nail in the way;" the meaning, of course, being that women are apt to be negligent housekeepers in proportion as they value their personal attractions. Then there is the popular proverb which says that "Joan is as good as my lady in the dark." Once more, while a dark complexion betokened pride, and height indicated laziness, small women, says a certain writer, were remarkable for their noisiness, and beauties for their lack of description. The same author further adds that it is "something to the credit of the proverb-making cynics, who spoke thus bitterly of handsome women, that they refrained from assailing ugly ones. Although striking the women whom nature had provided with armor and legions of defenders, they spared the less fortunate of the fair sex."

Numerous admonitions are given relating to marriage, one of which tells us that man's best fortune, or his worst, is his wife. Similarly Lord Burleigh says to his son, "Use great prudence and circumspection in choosing thy wife, for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil; and it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once." Again, Sir John More, the famous Chancellor's father, compared matrimony to a bag containing a hundred snakes and one eel, and says, "If a man should put his hand into this bag, he may chance to light on the eel; but it is a hundred to one he shall be stung by the snake."

THE POWER OF FIGURES.—A German journal contains an interesting article on the old oriental story of the chess-player who, having beaten his sovereign at the game, asked as his reward one grain of corn for the first square on the board, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on.

The writer points out that the total number of grains payable in respect of this demand would have been—for the 64 squares

18 417 715 [illegible] 370 [illegible] 615;

and he goes on to base some curious calculations upon this enormous sum. He says that if a man counted grains at the rate of 100 per minute for fifty minutes out of each hour and for ten hours a day, he would not succeed in counting all the grains until 1,220 819 370 358 years had elapsed.

There are now about 1,450 000 000 human beings on the face of the earth. If they all counted, dividing the work between them the task of counting the grains which were claimed by the chess-player would occupy them for 844 years.

It is difficult to say what would be the united volume of the grains in question; but it would be largely in excess of all the corn which is at this moment in existence.

A CHICAGO MAN was caught in a most embarrassing situation. He attended a party, and, not being able to find his coat, wore that of a friend while escorting a lady home. On the cars he was startled to find that his money was in the missing coat, and that he had not even a nickel in the "Sunday clothes" he wore. What to do he could not imagine, but he finally excused himself to the lady and went out on the rear platform. To the conductor he confided his sad tale, and then said: "My friend, if you will trust me for these two fares I'll watch on the corner for you in the morning and pay you." The conductor laughingly said it was all right, and the young man was happy again. He took the young lady home, and then tramped all the way back after his missing coat. It was found, and the next morning he waited on the corner two hours to pay the kind conductor and rewarded him with a cigar.

NEVER "knock under," no never. Always rally your forces for another and more desperate assault upon adversity. If calamity assail you, and the world—as it is apt to do in such cases—take part with your traducers, don't grow moody and misanthropic, or worse still, seek to drown your unhappiness in dissipation. Bid your time. Disprove you slander if you can. If not live it down. If poverty come upon you like a thief in the night, what then? Then rouse you, as a real thief would do, to energetic action.

He submits himself to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Paris harbored during the last week the Countess de Pierrefonds, who is no other than the Empress Eugenie. She has walked alone and unobserved in the garden of the Tuileries, where formerly she reigned supreme, and she quietly attended mass in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where as Mlle. Montijo, she was married to the Emperor of the French. Sad, with sunken cheeks, lustreless eyes, and vacillating step, such are the changes which have come over the once beautiful woman, who, at the last court ball, before the unhappy "to Berlin" was inaugurated, cried in exultant tones to the Princess de Metternich: "Remember, this is my war—not the Emperor's."

Zebulon Hancox, aged 79 years, of Stonington, Conn., who is commonly known as "Zeb," has made a fortune out of fishing, which he owes indirectly, an exchange has it, to a young girl who jilted him in his more youthful days. Zeb's sensitive nature never recovered from the refusal, and he retired to a hut, and resolved to be as little dependent on human kind as possible; this idea he has carried out to such a degree that he makes his own buttons from wood, catches eels with a wooden spear and weighs fish in a wooden balance of his own designing. Thus his yearly expenses are reduced to about $20 and he owns nine good houses, and has about $10,000 in a Stonington savings bank.

An idea of the density of London fogs can be had from the following, clipped from the "Tittle Tattle" column in a late issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette:* Yesterday's fog was simply horrible in patches. At Queen's Road, Bayswater, at half-past six, I had to hire a boy with a lantern to find me a hansom which was buried in fog in the middle of a roadway. My cabby had to walk, leading his horse with his lamp in his hand, close to the curbstone, almost as far as the Marble Arch. Even then he often got on the pavement. The sound of the voices of those lost in the fog, the ghostly glare of the hansom lamps, which seemed far apart, and the far-away shimmer of the gas-lamps, made the frosty fog of last night a thing to dream of, not tell.

A dog-thief is one of the the latest Parisian queer things and curiosities. A short time ago a big Newfoundland dog went into a large store, and after having "prospected around" for some time, seized a bundle of shooting jackets between his teeth and made off with it, a cry was raised, and according to a despatch, half the staff of the store, accompanied by a hundred or so small boys and a fevers policeman pursued the canine purloiner until he was brought to bay. The bundle was duly recovered and the dog was marched off to the police station, preparatory to its removal to and probably permanent fixture to the pound. As several tradesmen had complained that the dog had already been around their way for predatory purposes, the conclusion was arrived at that the animal was trained to thievery by some Fagins' of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

"Did you ever shave a woman?" was the queer question put to a New York barber by a customer who was being shaved. "Many a time," said the barber, who went on to tell of his experience in that line of business. "There are ladies in town who have quite a moustache, and others who have something like a chin beard, and I have operated on both kinds. I weaved the upper lip of a lady yesterday afternoon to prepare her to go out to a party. She keeps down the growth of hair by clipping it, but she wanted to look extra fine on this occasion. Some of them who are troubled as she is pull out the hairs, a few at a time, till they get rid of the whole growth, and there is now an electrical way of removing them without pain from any part of the face, but I know of ladies who get barbers to shave them at times, and others who can shave themselves just like men. I tell you there are more kinds of folks in this barborous world than people are aware of. Here the knight of the brush shouted "Next!"

A Huntsville (Ala.) paper tells of a wedding supper in that place which was interfered with by the sudden determination of the bride-elect to adhere to a life of single blessedness. The prospective groom was one Amos Banks and his intended wife Matilda Robinson, both colored. On the night set for the marriage the guests had assembled, the minister had arrived, the wedding feast was spread, and the groom was on hand, but Matilda was missing. They tarried awhile, but still she came not. The marriage supper was growing cold, and a few of the guests who saw no good in one supper than twenty weddings, suggested that the bride be notified to come. A committee which was then appointed to wait upon her returned with the doleful news that Matilda had concluded to stay single. This astounding information spoiled the appetite of the groom, but not those of the guests. The latter "fell to" and the table that groaned with the weight of the feast soon creaked on account of the lightness thereof. The groom wasn't congratulated to any great extent, but the cook was. The wedding license was returned to the clerk of the probate office, and that gentleman wrote across the face of the register: "Void; the girl failed to come to time."

Our Young Folks.

THE BRAVENT BOY.

BY F. J. C.

"YOU'RE A SNEAK!"

"You're a coward!"

"You're a baby!"

Cyril Crossley, the little fellow thus addressed was surrounded by a group of angry and excited boys. His bright frank face was slightly paler than usual as this torrent of abuse was showered upon him but like a brave boy that he was, he stood firmly at bay.

"Cowards!" he exclaimed; "I should like to know why."

"Because you've not spirit enough to have a good lark when there's a chance."

"And pray, what courage is wanted," he demanded, "to go shooting stones at the poor defenceless geese or ducks in a pond?"

"It isn't that, you stupid!" said Harold Wyman, the leader of the party. "It is that we are dared not to do it and we are going to."

"No, indeed, you are quite wrong there," said Cyril. "You know we all promised Mr. Williams not to shoot at any dumb harmless creatures again with our catapults, and only to use them in the country. No, I won't join you."

"Dumb harmless creatures indeed!" rejoined Harold. "Do you call geese harmless creatures—nasty, hissing, and horrid wretches; besides they'll soon gallop off, and the farmer will be so savage when he hears what we have done. And isn't the common country—or anyhow, near enough for our purpose? Besides, we will take care not to wear our schoolcaps, so he won't be able to find us out even if he does see us. Oh, do come; it will be ever such a lark"

But Cyril did not waver.

"No," he said sadly. "It may be all right for you to look at it in that light, but I can't and I won't go with you."

Then began a storm of hissing and jeering, but all to no purpose; but presently the headmaster's entry put an end both to recreation time and the teasing which Cyril was enduring.

"Now mind, boys, six o'clock sharp. Meet outside the white gates, and we will go and attack the enemy," said Harold, "all armed to the teeth, but with weapons concealed, and no boy to be in his schoolcap."

It was growing dusk that evening when the boys assembled, about a dozen in number, at the white gates which led to the farmer's field where the geese were expected to be found.

What was their dismay when, on creeping along by the hedge to get well within range, they discovered that the paddock where they were usually kept was quite empty.

"Not a duck or a hen or a pigeon, or even a dog to get a shot at!" exclaimed Harold; "what a nuisance! We'll have to put up game of some kind, eh, boys!"

"Rather," was the brief but significant response.

"Look here, we shall have to separate," said Harold, "three of you go round that corner to the right, three others to the left, and drive this way any fowls you may find by the farmyard. The rest will stay here and shoot the game as it is driven past."

No sooner said than done.

A suppressed "hurrah" a few minutes later greeted the appearance of a little terrier pup which had been found by the right wing of the scouts, and was driven cautiously along towards the main body.

"Now," exclaimed Harold, "no boy to be nearer than twenty yards; and when I give the command all let fly."

At the first discharge, the puppy, howling with fright, ran towards the garden gate, but was driven back by the boys on guard in that direction.

At this moment a little girl ran out of the gate, exclaiming:

"My puppy, my puppy! Dear little Toby, what is it?" and the child sought to reach her little favorite.

But the boys were excited, and heeded her not, and as they were shooting recklessly at the puppy the little girl herself was placed in great peril of being hurt.

At this moment a boyish form tore through the white gate and hastened to her rescue.

It was Cyril Crossley, who having been down to the village on an errand for his mother, was returning, when the cries of the little girl and the dismal howling of the puppy caught his ear.

Taking in at a glance the nature of the attack—"Shame, shame!" he shouted; "you cowards, to attack a little child and a poor dog!"

"Stand clear and let the dog alone we won't hurt the child," cried Harold.

"Not I," cried Cyril, as the dog crept instinctively up to him for protection.

Then, taking the little creature in his arms, he faced the crowd of angry boys with a look of fixed determination upon his face.

"If you don't put down that pup we will warm you up too" cried Harold.

The boys put stones in their catapults, ready to do their leader's bidding.

What they would have done I can't say; but the wheels of a cart were at this moment heard at the gate. The boys fled in wild confusion, knocking over little Dorothy in their mad flight.

Harold stooped to pick up the screaming child; as he did so the farmer ran breathlessly up the stile exclaiming

"You young rascals, here again! If I catch any of you I'll make an example of someone!"

Seeing Cyril in the dusk, and being too flurried to observe what he was doing, he seized him, and shaking him severely, he exclaimed:

"You be off this instant. I'll let your master know about this."

So saying, he carried off his little one into the house, the puppy trotting along at his heels.

Cyril was so dazed for the moment that he could not collect his thoughts, and by the time he had done so was far on his way home, his mother having told him to lose no time, as she was going out that evening. He determined, however to ask her advice as to what he ought to do.

"Master Cyril, your mother's just gone," was the salutation with which Jane greeted him as she opened the door. "She waited as long as she could because she wanted to say 'good night' to you, but had to leave about five minutes ago with your father to catch the train."

Well, it couldn't be helped, Cyril thought; he must brave it out to morrow, but it was rather a bitter thought to him that probably he would be severely punished for a fault of which he felt himself entirely innocent.

There was a kind of uneasy feeling throughout the school the next morning. Everybody had a presentiment that something unpleasant would happen; no one knew what it was or how it would come.

About eleven o'clock, however, just at recreation time, the well-known form of the farmer was seen coming up the garden-walk.

Many hearts felt a sinking sensation, and Cyril's beat with more than usual rapidity.

Five minutes later Mr. Williams appeared accompanied by Farmer Evans.

"I am more grieved than I can tell you," he said, when the boys, in answer to his call, gathered round, "to find that you have broken your promise to me in regard to the use of your catapults, grieved because I hitherto trusted entirely to your honor, and can do so no more. I must punish those who have been disobedient, but I wish to do so as privately as possible. I will therefore ask all who were concerned in the attack upon Farmer Evans' dog last night to come forward."

A painful but silent pause ensued, but no one stirred.

Mr. Williams's brow darkened.

"One boy, at least, we know," he said severely. "I ask him to confess."

Still no one responded, though Cyril Crossley, in spite of his innocence, felt the color mounting to his cheeks.

"Cyril Crossley," rang out the tones of the schoolmaster, in a voice that made many a boy quake, "you have been guilty not only of cruelty to a dumb animal—that is bad enough—and of breaking your word—which is worse—but of leading your companions to do so—which is worst of all; and now, when you have a chance of clearing your companions by a confession of your misdeeds, you stand silent. I could never have believed it of you. Nevertheless, I shall give you so severe a punishment as will be an example to prevent any boy here from following your evil course."

Poor Cyril! He felt as if his heart would break, but he determined not a word of his should get his companions into trouble. Perhaps he was wrong, but his resolution was taken that instant, and he resolved to abide by it, let the consequence be what it might.

He turned his head sorrowfully and looked at the pale faces of the boys beside him, to see if any of them were likely to come forward.

They were, however, all too frightened to say a word. The only one who preserved his presence of mind was Harold Wyman, who at this juncture made a step forward.

But at that very instant the door was opened, and in came Mrs. Evans, and Dolly, the terrier pup Toby being carried in the arms of the latter.

"I was just too late," she said, addressing Mr. Williams, "to speak to my husband before he came here, but I wanted to tell you what my little girl said to me as to the attack that was made upon us last night."

In the meantime a somewhat curious scene was being enacted before the company, which certainly did not form any part of an arranged programme.

Dolly had run forward to Cyril and clasped his hand, crying, "Good boy; me love o' very much; you kind to Dolly and Toby last night," whilst the puppy was rubbing itself against his legs with every appearance of joy.

"There, now," exclaimed Mrs. Evans excitedly, "that confirms what I was going to tell you. That boy, Mr. Williams, stood by my child and that poor dumb creature when all the other boys were tormenting them; and I can't think how my husband made such a mistake."

"Mr. Williams," said Harold, stepping forward; "although I think I have acted about as badly as I could, yet before Mrs. Evans came in I was going to confess what we had really done. Now you know, and I don't need to tell you. If it is possible," he went on, the color rising to his cheeks, "I would like to bear all the punishment, for I was really the ringleader; and I should like to say, what I expect we all feel, that Cyril has set us an example we shall all remember."

"Please, Mr. Williams," exclaimed the kind-hearted Mrs. Evans, "do let the boys off this time. I'm sure they will never be any more trouble."

"I cannot quite comply with your request," said Mr. Williams, "but I will make the punishment as light as possible. And one thing I must say: what great pleasure it has given me to find I was mistaken about one boy whom I have always believed brave and noble, and ready to do the right in face of all difficulties, and whom we all now know to be so. Indeed, I think him the bravest boy in the school."

"Three cheers for Cyril!" exclaimed one curly headed little fellow very enthusiastically.

Then there arose three ringing cheers for Cyril Crossley, such as the school had never heard before.

THE OYSTER AND THE PEARL.

BY BEATRICE GRANE.

THERE WAS once an oyster who lived on an oyster-bed. He had a great many companions of his kind, but they did not speak to each other much, for oysters usually keep themselves to themselves a good deal.

One fine day the oyster opened his shell for a little salt water, and to enjoy the sunbeams that came through the green water from overhead.

It was a quiet part where he lived, but there were a good many creatures about this morning and our oyster found it amusing to watch them.

An old lobster came shuffling through the sand who wished him "good day;" then some whiting passed overhead, their scales glancing in the sun; then a mother crab waddled by, trying to teach her children to walk; now a dispute arose between two oysters about whether the sunbeams made the water shine, or whether the water made the sunbeams shine, until a mass of seaweed floated over them and stopped them, when, suddenly—and all a whole shoal of shrimps and small fish came by, followed by a large hungry fish with wide open mouth. It was quite exciting!

As he was watching these things, our oyster heard a small voice say, "Oh I am so ugly and shapeless, I don't know what to do to make myself look nice!" and, looking round he saw a little lump of gritty sand lying near him.

"What's the matter," he said very kindly.

"Oh don't you see how ugly I am? said the little lump. "I can't please anyone, and it makes me so unhappy."

"Never mind," said the oyster, "I'll make you all right, if you'll come into my nice house."

So the little lump went inside his shell, and the oyster wrought such a wonderful change in her that one day, when he opened his shell, there she was, smooth, round and beautiful, with a gleaming whiteness that still had many tints in it—a regular pearl!

Well, after a time the oyster was fished up, and the pearl taken out.

She was put in the centre of a gold ring, and soon adorned the hand of a pretty young lady, but she never forgot to think gratefully of the oyster who had made her what she was.

SURPRISING EACH OTHER.—A lady and gentleman were travelling together in one of the closed compartments of a first class car on an English railway. They were perfect strangers to each other.

Suddenly the gentleman said—

"Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some few changes in my apparel."

"Certainly, sir," she replied, with politeness, rising and turning her back upon him.

In a short time he said—

"Now, madam, my change is completed, and you may resume your seat."

When the lady turned she beheld her fellow companion transformed into a dashing lady, with a heavy veil over her face.

"Now sir, or madam, whichever you like," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel."

"Certainly, madam," and the gentleman in lady's attire immediately complied.

"Now, sir, you may resume your seat."

To his great surprise, on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man.

He then laughed, and said—

"It appears that we are both anxious to avoid recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank."

"And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs, "am Detective Jones; and in female apparel have shadowed you. Now," drawing a revolver, "keep still!"

TO YOUNG MEN.—A late writer gives the following pertinent advice to young men whether they be mechanics, mill hands or workers in other channels of industry:

In the first place shun the saloons, as in them you will never find the least possible interest to be awarded to station, fame or honor.

Keep from standing round street corners and cigar stores; let the wooden images of Indians suffice for tobacco signs. Make up your mind that your Creator has created you for a higher purpose than to decorate the front of a cigar store.

Learn to be fond of study; procure some good books and periodicals; choose only those that will instruct you; learn to love the study of sciences; you will find them dry and uninteresting at first no doubt, but you can learn to like them and become eager to grasp everything new in that line, and at this stage they become interesting to you.

Take one or more papers on your trade or calling; avoid dime novel literature; always pursue that which will be of most benefit to you.

If you are deficient in mathematics, acquire a knowledge of them, as it is indispensable to you and according to all learned men's testimony, there is no study which renders so acute or so well developes the reasoning powers in man as the study of mathematics.

So it is with mechanics and physics or natural physiology; they render the reasoning powers more acute, enabling us to see cause and effect much quicker.

INDESTRUCTIBLE PAPER.—The rapid decay of paper from the attacks of insects and the germs of decay, combined with the high price ruling for parchment, have resulted in an attempt to render common paper indestructible by special preparation in manufacture, care being taken that the antiseptic treatment shall not affect deleteriously the paper for writing or printing, or damage any particular shade or color it may possess.

To this end, a chemical compound prepared by the distillation of coal-tar, and known under the name of resorcin, is employed, in the proportion of one part by weight to two thousand parts by weight of rags, jute, straw, and the other materials usually utilized in paper manufacture.

The resorcin is added either during the washing and cutting to which these ingredients are subjected prior to their reduction to pulp; or, if found more convenient the admixture can be made directly with the pulp.

The oil of the blue gum-tree is afterwards added rendering the paper pleasanter both to touch and smell, and imparting to it a slight perfume.

By such means, all fungi germs of decay, are destroyed on coming into contact with the paper, and the indestructibility of the material is insured.

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.—A woman who lived near Halifax, died shortly after having thirteen teeth extracted. She suffered greatly from toothache, and her husband becoming exasperated by her frequent complaints of pain, threatened to leave home unless she had the troublesome molars removed.

She was of an extremely nervous temperament, and after much hesitancy went to the dentist's, but fainted before getting into the chair. Eventually the extracting began, and after two teeth had been drawn she pulled violently to escape the dentist's operation.

It was necessary to have thirteen teeth removed, and the husband determined not to permit his wife to leave the chair until every one had been taken out. To make the work easier for the dentist the husband held his wife's head and arms so that she could not move, and the work continued until all the teeth had been extracted. By this time the woman was exhausted and unable to rise from the chair.

The two men realized that she was in a dangerous condition, and they at once applied restoratives. A physician was summoned and every effort was made to revive the woman, but it was of no avail, and she died two hours later.

THE NUMBER SEVEN.—On the 7th of the 7th month a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted 7 days and remained 7 days in tents; the 7th year was directed to be a sabbath of rest for all things; and at the end of 7 times 7 years commenced the grand jubilee; every 7th year the land lay fallow, every 7th year there was a grand release from all debts, and bondmen were set free.

Anciently a child was not named before 7 days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical day; the teeth spring out in the 7th month, and are shed in the 7th year, when infancy is changed into childhood.

At three times 7 years a man becomes legally competent to perform all civil acts, at four times 7 a man is in full possession of his strength; at five times 7 he is fit for the business of the world; at six times 7 he becomes grave and wise, or never, at seven times 7 he is in apogee, and from that decays, at eight times 7 he is in his first climacteric; at nine times 7, or sixty-three, he is in his grand climacteric, or year of danger; and ten times 7, or three-score and ten, has by the Jews, Psalmist been pronounced the natural period of human life.

ANIMAL AGES.—Concerning the ages attained by non-domesticated animals, only a few isolated facts are known. The Indians believe that the life period of the elephant is about three hundred years, instances being recorded of these animals having lived one hundred and thirty years in confinement after capture at an unknown age.

Whales are estimated to reach the age of four hundred years. Some reptiles are very long-lived, an instance being furnished by a tortoise which was confined in 1693 and existed till 1855, when he perished by accident. As a general rule, not to be applied too closely, larger types of animals live very much longer than smaller, although there may be some marked exceptions to the rule.

A GOOD NEW YEAR'S resolution, is for the average man to determine to be more civil. There is no virtue that pays better returns, than civility. It is a first-class personal advertisement, and it does a person good, while it adds to the comfort of those around him. Try it for a year or two and you cannot be persuaded to do without it. There are a few of the gentler sex who might do well to lay the above to heart.

I WONDER IF HE LOVES ME!

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

I wonder if he loves me!
I think he does—but no!
For if he did, he surely
Would never treat me so!

He tells me that he loves me,
But then I surely know
He says the same to every girl
Wherever he may go!

I wonder if he loves me!
Come, little daisy, tell—
Does my love love me ever,
And love me passing well?

Now, daisy, tell me truly,
But be sure and say he loves;
For if I thought he didn't—
I'd go moaning with the doves.

He loves me! Yes, he loves me!
Ah! no, he loves me not;
He loves me just a little—
His love is cold—no, hot!

Ah! now you've only three leaves
From which to read my fate,
And if it is a sad one,
My love will turn to hate.

Now, daisy, one—he loves me!
And two, he loves me not;
And three—he loves but little;
Ah! what a dreary lot!

PRODIGIES AND DUNCES.

Biography offers some wonderful contrasts between prodigies who have attained to a marvellous degree of development in their boyhood, or even in their childhood, and distinguished persons who were regarded as dunces in their youth.

There is no general law for the development of the intellectual faculties in men, and the rate of mental growth differs enormously even in famous individuals, just as rate of growth varies in the trees and plants and flowers we see around us.

One of the most astounding instances of juvenile precocity on record is that of "The Learned Child of Lubeck," Christian Henry Heinsken, who was born in that town in 1721. It is related of him that at the age of one year he could recite the principal facts of the five books of Moses.

When fourteen months old he knew the history of the Bible. At two years and a half he was familiar with the history of the nations of antiquity, and also with anatomy, geography, the use of maps and nearly 6,000 Latin words. Before the end of his third year he knew the history of Denmark and genealogy of all the crowned heads of Europe.

In his fourth year he acquired the doctrines of divinity, with the proofs from the Bible, ecclesiastical history, and a knowledge of ecclesiastical institutions, eighty psalms, 300 hymns, with their tunes, entire chapters of the Old and New Testament, and 1,500 verses from the Latin classics.

He also spoke German, Latin, French, and Dutch. It is said that he remembered everything he heard. He delivered no less than twelve speeches at the Danish Court, besides undergoing a public examination on a variety of subjects.

He lived chiefly on milk, and not having sufficient bodily stamina to support his active brain, he died four months after he had attained his fourth year.

Alexander Millar, who died at Montrose in his sixteenth year, was a wonderful calculator. For the gift of a marble or a defaced postage stamp, he would even in his earlier years, calculate, almost as quick as thought, the number of hours, minutes, and seconds one had lived.

Asked "how many feet and inches there were from Melrose to London if the distance was a given number of miles," he was ready with the answer immediately and correctly; and he worked out other arithmetical problems with equal rapidity. But he was not a strong boy, was subject to fits, and unable to endure any physical exertion.

When Truman Henry Safford was nine years and a half old he had made an almanac, with all the calculations for the eclipses, the rising and the setting of the sun, the changes of the moon, the tides, etc.; and when he was thirteen he calculated the orbit of a comet with such accuracy that some of the most famous astronomers could find no fault with his calculation. When ten years of age he multiplied eighteen figures by eighteen figures, and in less than a minute began to give the correct answer.

The musical world has been especially prolific in prodigies. When he was five years old, Mozart told his father he was writing a concerto for the piano, and not only was the music accurately written, but the child sat down and played it off without a fault.

At the age of four, Meyerbeer repeated on the piano, with his own accompaniments, the airs he had heard played on the street organs, and two years later he performed at a concert.

Auber composed ballads and romances when only eleven years old; whilst at fourteen Franz Schubert was already an accomplished composer.

On the other hand, Sir Isaac Newton, was described as a dunce in his early school days. So was Dr. Chalmers, whose teacher spoke of him as "incorrigible."

Chatterton was dismissed from school because his master thought him a fool. Sheridan found it a difficult matter to acquire even the elements of an ordinary education. He was "not bright to learn like other boys."

Oliver Goldsmith was taught the alphabet with difficulty, and his stupidity made him a butt for the ridicule of his fellow-scholars, who, of course, had no idea that he would one day become a famous man in English literature.

Hutton, the historian, was such a dunce at school that his master would seize him by the hair and strike his head against the wall; "but," says Hutton, "he could never beat any learning into it."

Adam Clarke was another "grievous dunce" (as his father called him), and Hugh Miller was considered a very dull boy at school.

Then there were once two brothers who went to school—one of them wonderfully bright and sharp; the other so dull that he was called the "great blockhead." The former developed into Baillie John Scott, and the latter into Sir Walter Scott, poet and novelist.

WHAT is needed among us more than the insistence of rights is the enforcement of duty. It should be impressed upon the hearts of all that a right is not something merely to secure, rejoice in, and to use at pleasure, but rather a solemn trust to hold, an obligation to fulfil, a power to wield, a responsibility for which each who possesses it is accountable. The question so often asked, "Am I receiving all the rights to which I am entitled?" should be coupled with the more important and searching ones, "Am I using all the rights with which I am vested for the best good of society? Am I giving to others all the rights which belong to them, so far as my power extends?" It is this attitude of mind that gives breadth and dignity to life, and raises justice and generosity to their rightful places in society.

Grains of Gold.

All sweets are not wholesome.

No economy without efficiency.

Knowledge is a means, not an end.

Profanity is the stamp of viciousness.

Hardness ever of hardness is mother.

The way to enjoy life is to employ life.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Egotism is the foam of fermenting ignorance.

An ounce of action is worth a pound of words.

The way to silence conscience is not to hear it.

Our lives are measured by our works, not our years.

Imagination is the author of a majority of our ills.

Men of many promises have treacherous memories.

True knowledge is to know one's own ignorance.

He who loiters by the wayside will get left behind.

A good deed or a kind word is never thrown away.

The man that is truthful under all circumstances can not be very bad.

He is a fool that praises himself, and he a madman that speaks ill of himself.

He is young enough who has health, and he is rich enough who has no debts.

Be ye faithful and earnest in the work at hand, and God will provide for the future.

Femininities.

The Queen of Portugal has red hair and good clothes.

Never forget that vulgarity has its origin in ignorance or selfishness.

Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues.

A girl always wants a fellow to tie a true lover's knot when she gets him on the string.

During the past year 1800 girls have been graduated from the Boston cooking schools.

It is said that rats immediately disappear from the house as soon as a young lady begins taking lessons on the piano.

First gossip: "Is marriage a failure, do you think?" Second gossip: "Not in my case. My husband does pretty much as I say."

"Yes," said Mrs. Porcine, "I'm mighty afraid of ghosts, but then I keep them away from me by wearing an omelet round my neck."

One of the presents to Mr. and Mrs. Seth Wight, of Bethel, Me., at their golden wedding recently, was a gilded egg, with 50 bright gold dollars for yelk.

A woman can never bring herself to see herself as others see her. Each believes herself to be a distinct type of beauty. As there are many degrees of beauty possibly they are right.

Fifty five ladies of Utica, N. Y., have signed an agreement not to let a man crowd past them when in the theatre, unless he is going out on some other business than to drink lager.

The Christmas gift presented to the baby King of Spain by his mother is a tiny pony and a fairy-like white dog-cart, with a set of red and yellow harness, the national colors of Spain.

A Cincinnati young lady possessed of a beautiful head of hair bet it on Cleveland's reelection. The gentleman with whom she made the wager compromised by taking the lady along with her hair.

A women's Knights of Labor assembly has been organized in Toledo. It has established a co-operative association for the sale of knit goods, hand-made garments, clothing and various home products.

A London paper says the art of the gold smith is disappearing, owing to the cheapness of diamonds. The value of jewelry now depends upon the precious stones it contains, rather than upon the beauty of workmanship.

Some lime juice accidentally spilled over the hair of a young lady at Santa Barbara, Cal., is said to have caused the hair on one side of her head to turn perfectly white, while the ends of the hair curled as if treated with a curling iron.

A diamond owned in Buffalo, and known as the "Buffalo gem," weighs 60 carats, and is supposed to be the largest in the United States. It is about the size of an almond, and before cutting weighed 95 carats. It was bought in Amsterdam for $80,000.

Merely a social call. Lady of the house: "Now, you can go along! I've nothing to give you!" Tramp. "Don't get excited, miss. I was presented with a turkey at the last house, and, having found the wish-bone, I have called, thinking you might like to break it with me."

"He is a wonderful baby, Mr. Pogson You can't help being proud of hi'm. I never saw a child that could talk so well at such an early age!" said Mrs. Pogson, proudly. "H'm—yes, Alvina," replied the father, somewhat uneasily, "he does seem to have inherited your remarkable flow of language."

"The great objection I have to the house," said the new tenant, "is that I can always hear vague murmuring caused by the people talking next door." "Well, ma'am," said the agent, "we can have the walls made thicker for you." "Thicker!" she exclaimed; "why, then I couldn't hear a thing!"

A young woman in Bridgeport, Conn., recently complained to the police that she was being systematically robbed of her jewels by an unknown thief. It was subsequently found that the owner of the missing articles had taken the trinkets herself while asleep and hidden them between the mattresses of her bed.

She was sitting in the parlor with her beau when the old man came downstairs and opened the front door. "Surely, papa," she said, "you are not going out at this late hour?" "Merely to untie the dog," he replied. "Well, Miss Clara," said the young man, reaching for his hat, "I think I will say good-night."

"Clara!" shouted the old man from the head of the stairs in a husky tone of voice, as though he had just got out of a warm bed. No response. "Clara, I say!" he repeated. Then an uneasy sort of sound came from the parlor. "Your daughter, sir," in a weak, piping, let-us-have-peace voice, "has just gone to the cellar for a fresh pitcher of cider."

Mrs. Jacob Greenup, of Bonne Terre Mo., thought she heard her eldest son, a man of 27, singing a favorite song in his bedroom. She knew he must be at work at a sawmill, and, feeling nervous, started out to see him. As she stepped through the front door men were carrying the lifeless remains of the son into the yard. He had been killed by the bursting of a saw.

A lady has been arrested in Atlanta, Ga., for wanting the inside of the sidewalk. She not only wants it, but she gets it whenever she goes out to walk. One man who refused to yield to her demand had his whiskers pulled and his hat knocked off, and countless scores of men have been pushed off the walks. The lady says she will have the inside track if she has to fight for it until she dies.

Mrs Nancy Coleman reached Cincinnati recently after a walk of over 300 miles from her home on the Big Sandy river in West Virginia. She had with her two children, one of whom is so young that she carried it the entire distance. She told the police a pitiful tale, to the effect that her husband deserted her for another woman, taking the children along. She followed him, and recovering the little ones set out on foot for Cincinnati, hoping to procure work there. She was entirely out of money.

Masculinities.

Now that a man has been found with two hearts the monstrosity will be a frequent plea on the part of bigamists.

One great trouble with those who go to the bad is that they do not think to provide themselves with a return ticket.

The girl with plenty of money may be plain, but unless some one of her girl friends tell her she will never be conscious of it.

At a railroad festival the following striking sentiment was given. "Our mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

A Chicago clergyman married three couples on the cars recently. He has refused to allow himself to be patented as a car coupler, however.

While a Michigan barber was shaving a supposed corpse the man came to life again. There are some razors that might well raise one from the tomb.

Two Rondout men were talking of a third person. One of them said: "He would rather lie for nothing than to tell the truth for good wages."

A devoted better half, who has it all her own way, says that a good matrimonial firm is one that consists of three-quarters wife and one-quarter husband.

Tennyson compares men to trees, and perhaps he is right about some men, who are all limbs, whose boughs are awkward, and whose general reputation is somewhat shady.

Mr C. de Hurst: "There goes a case of mutual love! Riverside Rives and his wife seem never to lose sight of each other!" Mr. Barker Carper: "How do you know that it's not a case of mutual jealousy?"

"Charles, dear," said Mrs. James, "I wish you would tell the doctor to call up and see mother; she has a sore throat and cannot speak." But somehow or another Charles positively forgot his mother-in-law.

When a young man gives a handsome diamond ring as a birthday present to his mother-in-law, she may be induced to regard it as a token of affection, but the young man will find it hard to persuade other people that it was not intended as a bribe.

Many a husband is lost in wonder as he reflects that the glowing hand which spanks his children and serves up his cabbage is the very same to which he used to write sonnets, and which he never kissed without a sense of reverence amounting to rapture.

The members of a young ladies' debating society in Scotland have decided in favor of a long courtship. Observation has taught them that there is a wonderful falling off of confections, balls, etc., when courtship ends and the stern realities of married life begin.

An editor out West put a love letter he had written into the copy-box, and his editorial upon the proper observance of marital duties he sent to his love. The letter appeared in his paper, and he is chasing his compositors all over the country with a tomahawk in each hand.

"Why is a woman more afraid of a mouse than a man?" inquired young Smartboy of his best girl; "Oh, I assure you," was her reply, "a mouse is more dangerous than a man!" and she leaned so heavily on his arm for a moment that he really imagined he was a man.

Editor of society journal, to reporter: "Mr. Jinks, the directors have ordered me to raise your salary. You bring in more society scandal than all the other reporters put together." Jinks: "Thank you. The advance will be handed to my wife. It is hers by right." Editor: "How so?" Jinks: "She is secretary of a ladies' anti-gossip society."

Daughter, anxiously: "Have you seen George this evening? He promised to call." Father: "He did call. I entertained him for an hour before you came downstairs." "You entertained him, pa?" "Yes: I gave him a list of the new dresses and gee-gaws you had last year, and the cost of each. I never saw a young man so interested, yet he left very hurriedly."

A novel and entertaining advertisement is the following in a Glasgow paper: "James Hodge continues to sell burying crapes ready made, and his wife's niece dresses dead corpses at as cheap a rate as was formerly done by her aunt, having not only been educated by her, but perfected in Edinburgh, from whence she has lately arrived with the newest and best fashions for the dead."

Sloppy is very free with his praise of woman, but words are cheap. He was saying in the car the other day: "I tell you that woman stands for all that is pure, noble and good in humanity." "I see," replied Fogy, "and that's why you don't get up and give one of these ladies a seat; but don't you think you are a trifle egotistical to speak of yourself as 'all that's pure, noble and good in humanity?'"

It is just as true that a beggar may ask a millionaire for a light for his cigar as it is that a cat may look at a king. The etiquette among smokers is the most democratic known to man. Perfect equality reigns among them all. Two things any man may ask another and be is sure of a gracious answer: "Give me a light, please?" and "Can you tell me the time?" You see a pompous, globe-waistcoated old club man brush aside a beggar on the street and then growl at a newsboy, but when a tramp asks him for a light he stops like a soldier at the sound of "Halt!" and hands over his cigar.

A down-town benedict was relating the other evening some of the first experiences of his wedded life, with special reference to the fact that his wife was "a young thing and couldn't leave her mother," and had little knowledge of the mysteries of the culinary art. Said he: "We had been out to tea one evening and they had some currant cake which particularly struck my fancy. When we got home my wife proposed to make some, but was at a loss to know how to get the currants in. 'Why, that's simple enough,' said I; 'they get a blow-gun and blow them in.' Well, will you believe it, when I came home the next day I actually found Minnie in the kitchen with a blow-pipe blowing currants into the dough."

Recent Book Issues.

"Albine; or The Abbe's Temptation," by Emile Zola, is just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city and is selling at the price of twenty-five cents a copy. It is one of the most famous novels of the French author.

"The Chinese and the Chinese Question," by J. A. Whitney, L. L. D., is the best book in a cheap form on this subject we have seen. It is a fine compendium of all that relates to the matter, historical, social, political and otherwise, and will be read with interest and profit by all. Published by the Tibbals Book Company, No. 23 Warren street, New York.

"Sunday School Stories" on the Golden Texts of The International Lessons of 1889" are by the Rev. E. E. Hale, and from the superior ability of this well-known author may be relied as good in the best sense. They comprise some twenty-six stories as full of interest to young and old as they are of worth and merit. Published in neat bound form by Roberts Bros., Boston, and for sale by Porter & Coates.

"Through the Labyrinth of Death; Origin and History of Christian Civilization and Moral Philosophy, including Comic Morality," are publications of which Reub Sharpe is the author. Their character is expressed by their titles and while they contain no new thoughts or facts the compact form in which many old ones are presented make them of reading value. For sale by the author at Waterford, Pa.

PERIODICALS.

The January *Wide Awake* opens with a charming social novelty for the winter evenings, a violin recitation entitled "The Cricket Fiddler." The opening story full of the Christmas-tide spirit, by Hezekiah Butterworth, is entitled "Good Luck." Mrs. L. B. Walford contributes another Christmas story, entitled "Such a Little Thing." Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont has a sketch of early California life called "My Grizzly Bear." The serial stories by Margaret Sidney and J. T. Trowbridge are very readable. "The Legend of William Tell" gives some excellent reasons for classing that popular episode of Swiss history among folk-tales. Mrs. Sally Joy White tells in "Fire-Building" how the girls are taught to build a fire in the Boston Public Schools. Prof. Starr writes in "A Queer Bundle of Sticks" of the evidence that elephants once roamed over America. There are also other good prose articles, and poems by Mrs. Whiton-Stone, Margaret Eytinge, Faith Cleveland Lee and others. A very bright department has been added to the magazine called "Men and Things." D. Lothrop Co., publishers, Boston.

How a Guillotine Works.—The French guillotine is composed of two upright posts thirteen feet high, the inner sides grooved and surmounted by a lintel called the chapeau. The space between these two frames is about fourteen inches and it is in the grooves that falls the triangular formed steel blade; the knife is bolted to a heavy piece of lead which accelerates its fall, and is started by a spring.

At about a yard from the ground a board hollowed out in a half moon shape is placed between the vertical beams; another board similarly cut forms the upper part of what is caled the lunette.

The bascule or swinging plank is in the rear of the upright beams and its vertical position comes up to the culprit's breast.

Contrary to what is often printed the condemned is not strapped against this board, but simply pushed against it and in falling his neck fits into the lower half of the lunette; the upper section is immediately let down and the knife falls at the same instant.

The head drops into a sort of tub filled with bran, and one of the aids rolls the decapitated body over into a zinc lined willow basket placed at the right side of the "bascule."

The operation does not exceed ten seconds when the "patient" falls well, but in some cases the aids are obliged to adjust the culprit's neck when it is once in the "lunette." Pranzini remained forty-five seconds on the plank before the knife fell.

The guillotine was not, as is generally supposed, invented by Dr. Guillotin; the French machine owes its existence to a celebrated surgeon, Dr. Louis, who made the plans in 1791, but a similar instrument was used long before in Italy and Germany. With slight modifications, the present guillotine is the same as the original one. The machine was formerly mounted on a high platform, like our scaffolds, so that everybody could see the ceremony; but to-day it is erected on the street level, and an execution is visible only to the privileged ones who are admitted within the enclosure guarded by the cavalry and police.

The Detroit Journal shoulders this statement—"A Grand Rapids family named Smith used a combination bedstead, which serves for an upright piano, desk and sideboard during the day and couch at night. The other morning Mr. Smith got up first, and had scarcely donned his clothing when he heard a click, and looking around saw the furniture had closed with Mrs. Smith inside."

Ladies who value a refined complexion must use Pozzoni's Powder—it produces a soft and beautiful skin.

WHY SOME ARE UGLY.

YOU have it in your power, if you are plain, to make your face pleasing and attractive. If handsome, you have it in your power up to forty and beyond it and also to keep growing more attractive.

Your face is not shaped by chance. There is a cause for the expression usually found on it. If you are on the pout much of the time; if you are grumbling and growling inside about yourself or somebody else, and you have been so doing for years, your face will wear a grumble or a growl on it, because what you think most of the time shapes your face.

If you are discontended or envious or jealous most of the time, discontent, envy and jealousy will carve disagreeable lines in your face.

If you are handsome at seventeen, and growling takes up a good deal of your time, your beauty will be more than half gone by twenty seven or thirty.

If you are much of the time discouraged or despondent, if you give away to the blues, and will not try to fight them off, you will in a few years more find the corners of your mouth turning downward, as you see to-day on the faces of so many sour and ancient women, married and single.

This fact, that the state of mind you mostly keep in shapes not only the face but the whole body, is nothing new. It is in force all about us.

A man or woman who is always growling looks growl all the time, and it is not a pleasing look. Their very expression is a breach of the public peace.

A man who thinks he knows it all and can't be told anything new looks it all the time, and when he speaks you can feel his ignorance and conceit in the tones of his voice.

Thought makes faces pleasing or repulsive. They carve lines, put in wrinkles, keep the mouth open as it should not be or keep it shut as it should be, and dye the skin sallow or death color or the pink and white of health.

They govern the walk and the way the body is carried. A "slouch" or tramp without pride, ambition, or self-respect will have a slouchy walk, his knees bent, and the lower jaws have dropped or are drooping.

When you are firm and decided about anything, there is a natural tendency for the mouth to close firmly and the lips to be pressed together. Then the mouth and whole lower part of the face grow into that expression of firmness.

If you are in mind bright and cheerful, making the best of everything, willing to please others, but not to toady to them; if you want to do the "square thing" by everybody and want also and insist on having the "square thing" done by yourself, your face will take on an expression in accordance with that kind of permanent thought, and it will not be an unpleasant one. And the expression is four-fifths of

There are handsome faces the same all the year around. That's the trouble, they never change.

It is mind that rules, and sways, and pleases, and does so to last. The mere face will hold for a short time if it has no change of expression. It is as natural to like change of expression in the face as it is to like changes of fashion in dress. And as it is natural, it is right in both cases.

We see sometimes in the street a really pretty girl, or one who would be were not her face spoiled and being spoiled more and more by the peevish and discontented state of mind she is in—a girl who looks as if she had just had some "hard words" with her mother or sister, or somebody else, and is still going through with it all, and giving them all a piece of her mind.

But keeping this up does her a great deal of harm. It is bringing on ugliness. It weakens the stomach. It poisons the blood. It drives the best people from her. It attracts and brings the worst. It ruins the complexion.

The Diabolical Sect.—An association, which is very properly known as the Diabolical Sect, is now flourishing in China, and is giving much trouble to the authorities.

The sect is composed of fanatics who profess to believe that a sovereign cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to exists in the brains of young children; and, in order to obtain this valuable heal-all, the misguided people set in the most secret and mysterious manner, moving about from place to place, disguised as merchants, and murdering suitable victims whenever opportunity offers.

Their usual practice is steal up noiselessly from behind, smash the child's head with a heavy club, and take out the brains with a shell.

This sect has so rapidly increased during the last two years that the provincial governors have been obliged to organize a special crusade against it and have proclaimed that, for the future, membership in the association shall involve the death, not only of the member himself, but also of all his family. The proclamation seems to be a hard one; but, if we found ourselves face to face with a like atrocious sect, we might be obliged to take equally stern repressive measures.

Example is a dangerous lure; where the wasp goes through the gnats stick fast.

Rationally Treat your Cold from the start by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and you may escape Lung troubles not so easily gotten rid of.

Didn't Suit Him.—Speaking of thunder, said the actor to a group of actors and newspaper men who were discussing shop, I recollect a recent occurrence in an English theatre where the manager had just built a bowling alley upon the flies with the idea that rolling balls down the alley would produce a very excellent quality of the real article.

On the day of which I speak he had invited a number of his friends to witness the success of his invention. They all came and the manager gave the word and the rolling began.

The effect was really quite good, and much better than any one of those present were accustomed to hear. But the manager was in a critical, in fact a hypercritical mood, and seemed bound not to be satisfied with the best efforts of his men above.

"Bad, very bad, and not a bit like it," he would cry, "do it again," and for nearly an hour the mock thunder continued, but the manager was apparently no better pleased than at first.

Finally, just as all were about to leave, a terrific crash was heard, startling every one but the manager.

"Not a bit like it," he yelled, "try it again."

"That wasn't us," replied a roller up above, "that was the real b'article. There's a thunderstorm outside."

"I don't care a continental for that," replied the manager, "that thunder may suit above, but it won't do for my show."

A Contented Man.—We always regard "Old King Cole," whom we hear of in the nursery rhyme as the personification of happiness and contentment; but Mr. Anderson, the Danish governor of North Greenland, runs the mythical monarch very close.

By the ship which brings him his annual supplies he receives copies of the daily Copenhagen papers for the whole of the previous year.

He arranges these papers in orders of their dates, and reads one paper each day, just as if it came to him damp from the press. He is sometimes tempted to peer into the future, and to read papers ahead, especially when he comes across very interesting news; but he always manfully resists; and when the annual ship comes, he has always just finished his old budget, and is just ready for his new one.

In these days of haste and pressure, an educated man who can contentedly remain a year behind the times merely in order to economize his sources of intellectual amusement is a phenomenon.

Dancing.—At present dancing is undoubtedly looked upon as light-minded and frivolous by many a sage and divine. But the sages and divines of the past were of a different opinion. In the youth of the world, in the days of the earlier civilizations of Asia, and later among the peoples of India, of China, of Japan, dancing was a religion. In the heyday of Grecian civilization it was a necessary part of education.

Æschylus, Sophocles and Epaminondas were distinguished dancers in their day. Socrates learned the art in his old age and joined with Plato in applying unpleasant epithets to non-dancers. Lucian claims for dancing a precedence over tragedy, asserts that it is coeval with the world, that Troy was taken, Zeus was saved, and Ariadne ruined by a dance.

The examples of David and the daughter of Herodias show the influence the art had among the Jews. Nor did it lose its favor with the early Christians. Gregory Thaumaturgus introduced it into divine service, St. Basil told his hearers that it would be their principal occupation in heaven and hence they should practice it betimes on earth. Scaliger even deduced from the custom of employing it in divine service, the name of "præsules," which was given to the bishops—deriving it from "præsiliendo" from the fact of their "skipping first," or being foremost in the dance at the head of their clergy.

JENKS' DREAM.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize-fighters' ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or tiny Sugar-coated Granules, easily "knock out" and beat all the rest hollow! They are the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills.

Beware of Imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. **One a Dose.**

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They are gently laxative, or strongly cathartic, according to size of dose. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

Humorous.

GOOD ADVICE.

Be watchful guardian of those eyes of yours,
Those lights that lead the hearts of men your way.
Nor use them like a marsh-light that allures
All passers-by, and lures them all astray.
Indeed, 'twere better if on me alone
The light of those enchanting lamps were thrown.

For pity's sake laugh seldom, and be slow
To smile that sudden smile that thrills one thro';
For when you smile those four sweet dimples show,
And no one knows the mischief dimples do.
Or, if you must smile, smile on me; I fear
No danger from your daintiest dimples, dear.

And if your hand is threatened with a kiss,
Don't frown and blush and smile, if you are wise;
For if you do, a hand will come—like this—
And turn your face round to your lover's eyes.
And then—and then—for anything I know,
It's possible that he may kiss you—so!

—E. NESBIT.

A call to arms—A wail from a baby at 2 A. M.

"Another lie nailed!" said a clerk, as he nailed a "Getting Out at Cost" sign on the door.

When a young man asks a young lady for her hand, in nine cases out of ten she will refer him to her paw.

"Why are you forever humming that tune?" "Because it haunts me." "No wonder: you are always murdering it."

"How do you like my shoes, love?" exclaimed a youthful bride. "Oh, they're immense!" replied the partner of her joys. He relished not her plum pudding after that.

Paterfamilias, after admonition in another form to Hopeful: "Take dat an' get to yo' book! Fust thing yo' know at de samination yo' won't know yo' A B C from yo' alfybet."

Aggie: "You naughty girl! I hear you took kisses by force!" Nellie: "Yes." "What is the sensation?" "Just like being kissed by several million handsome young men for twenty million of years."

"There is one great thing about the telephone," said Mr. Shorty. "And that?" "A five-foot man isn't afraid to tell a six-footer just what he thinks of him, with several miles of wire between the two."

A spring whose water is a perfect writing fluid has been discovered in Michigan. Now all that is needed is the discovery of a mountain of writing paper, a mine of postage stamps and a quarry of steel pens, in the same vicinity, to make that portion of Michigan a "literary centre."

Little Bobby: "Don't you want to take me up to the toboggan slide with you some day, Mr. Jinks?" Jinks: "I never go to any toboggan slide, Bobby; never even saw a toboggan." Bobby, a trifle nonplussed: "That's funny; I heard pa say something about your going down hill at a furious rate."

Miss Anglomania: "Oh, dear! That horrid Mrs. Upstart has copied our house all the way through. Everything is awfully English." Mrs. Anglomania: "She hasn't such impudence! Never mind, dear, we'll keep ahead of her yet. You marry an Englishman. Her husband is only an American, and she can't get a new one while he lives."

"What becomes of men who deceive their fellowmen?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "They lose the confidence of good people," was the prompt reply. "Very well, indeed. Now, what becomes of women who do the same thing?" The question stumped the class for a minute. And then a little girl piped out: "They usually catches the man for a husband."

Some days ago a bright little juvenile, five years of age, named Rosa, was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visits the family. He finally wound up by saying: "Rosa, I don't love you." "Ah, but you've got to love me," said the child. "How so?" asked her tormentor. "Why," said Rosa, "the Bible says you must love them that hate you, and I am sure I hate you."

"Oh, papa, Mr. Clearhead has asked me to marry him!" "Indeed, my dear; and what did you say?" "Why, of course, I asked him to give me time. He to said, in an absent sort of way, that if I could give him good references I could have the next thirty days, but it was not his custom." "My dear, I think that is a very business-like young man. You had better close directly."

A Rochester man has a smart little boy, who a few days ago was caught cutting the long, curly hair from the top of his 2-year-old brother's head. "Why!" shrieked his horrified mamma, "what are you doing?" "I just wanted Teddy to be bald-headed, like papa," replied the little fellow. "Poor Ted! But how could I punish him?" said the mother, as she related the incident.

Wealthy physician: "I supposed you wished me to look at your hand. I see it is all bound up." Unknown caller: "N-no, sir; I—I wish to see you about your daughter's hand." "Eh?" "We love each other, sir, and I hope—" "Great Galen! I don't know you! How did you hurt your hand, sir? Get it with a beer bottle, or—?" "I cut my hand yesterday while clipping coupons." "Oh! Why—yes, I see—bless you, my children!"

Bobby: "They were talking about you last night, Mr. Featherly." Mr. Featherly: "Is that so, Bobby?" "Yes, about your being homely enough to stop a clock." "Who said I was, Bobby?" "Oh, your ma! And what did your sister Clara say?" "She didn't think so." "Bless her—h'm—m—did she think I was handsome?" "Well—er—n-no; she said she didn't think you could stop a clock, but she thought you might make it lose time very fast."

BEWARE of counterfeits. Salvation Oil will cure your aches and pains. Price 25 cents.

IT is important to check a cough at once. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will do so. 25 cts.

MODESTY.—Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky, the full-blown rose, leave him unmoved, but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when she emerges from behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to figure in painting—it gives it boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty; it sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue.

Botanists have given the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the best paint Christian virgins should use; it is the richest ornament.

A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, diffusing an unwholesome odor; which a prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance.

Beauty passe like the flowers of the alps, which blooms and die in a few hours; but modesty gives the female charms which supply the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

MARRYING A HERO.—Upon what small events does the destiny of nations sometimes depend! When Napoleon was out of favor with the Directory, and had been struck off the list of general officers, he lodged at the Hotel Mirabeau, in the Impasse du Dauphin, near the Tuileries. He occupied a single room, at a rent of about twelve to eighteen francs a month.

Fanchette, the daughter of the landlord, fell in love with him, and her father proposed that they should marry—that his intended son-in-law should leave the army, and keep the hotel in his stead. It is more than probable that Napoleon—who at that time was very badly off—would have agreed to the proposal, had not the revolution of the 1st Vendemaire given him other occupation than looking after the wants of lodgers.

It need hardly be said that he did not marry Fanchette; but what must have been her thoughts when her sometime lover became First Consul, and afterwards Emperor of the French?

MRS. DOLLIVER: "Oh Henry, I have dropped the water pitcher out of the window, and I saw it light on an elderly gentleman." Mr. Dolliver (turning pale): "Great Scott, Jane! You don't know what damage you may have caused!" Mrs. Dolliver (in tears): "Yes I do, it's pure China, and can't be replaced for less than $20. Oh, what shall I do?"

IF ANGER is not restrained, it is frequently more hurtful to us than the injury that provokes it.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 55 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

100 Popular Songs and Hints, catalogue 10c; 3 books 25c. Thurber & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

115 4 papers assorted **SHARP'S NEEDLES** 10 Darning, 9 Toilet, 20 new sample cards, all 10c. Novelty Co., Clintonville, Ct.

RUPTURE.—Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, has entirely cured me of a bad Rupture. Wm. W. Reed, 1325 South 21st street, Phila.

FINEST Card Sample Book ever sent out 2 cents. Star Importing Co., Cadiz, O.

987 Fifty-two Games and Magic Cards, Fancy Pictures, Puzzles, Games, tricks in Magic, one pack of Transit Cards, and large Catalogue Book of genuine Cut Gift goods for 2 cts. All for a 2 ct. stamp. Bunnell Card Co., Cadiz, Ohio.

SEE HERE! Why not save one-half on 1000 useful articles? Send for Catalogue. Big pay to agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

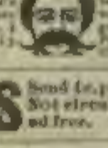
PATENTS THOMAS P SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

75 CARDS. 10 New 1893 Name Cards, 25 Hidden Name Cards, 100 Silk Fringe Cards, and Floral Sample Book of Holiday Designs, all only 10 cents. Bunnell Card Works, Madison 15, Ohio.

LADY AGENTS. Free SAMPLES. Quick Sales. Large Profits. Cincinnati Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted, 50 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

JOHN MILLARD writes from Oklahoma, Ind., Nov. 20.—DYKE'S Beard Elixir has produced a heavy growth of hair on my smooth face, after using a number of so-called remedies. My face was entirely smooth. Have used DYKE'S Beard Elixir three weeks. Handsome mustache now.



DYKE'S Beard Elixir grows the heaviest beard and hair in 4 weeks. One 25c. bottle of D. Guaranteed or no charge. Sent by mail, 1 bottle 50c., 2 for $1.00. Circulars free. DYKE & CO., Patents, Ill.

PIMPLES Send 4c. postage for sure cure. FREE. Not circulars, but remedy itself mailed free. Drawer 153, Buffalo, N. Y.

TYOUR NAME on THIS NOVELTY 25c

Contains a Pen, Pencil and Rubber Stamp, Postpaid. Fits open by a slight pressure of the thumb. Prints 1, 2 or 3 lines. Highly Nickle Plated. When closed is packed in size of a common Pencil. New agents make BIG MONEY! Terms FREE with Rotorder. Quickest shipments. Everybody needs one to mark Linen, Cards, Books, etc. Address

THALMAN MFG. CO., No. 71 Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION **25 CTS**

PENSIONS $80,000,000 for Soldiers, Sailors, their widows or parents. PENSIONS INCREASED. Discharges procured. No pension, NO FEE. Latest law, pamphlet free. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

LOST VIGOR RESTORED!

Functional Disorders Corrected, Nervous Prostration, Sexual Debility, Impotency Atrophy, Premature Decline, Unnatural Emissions, Organic Decay, etc., with attending evils, from whatever cause, are quickly and permanently cured by Dr. R. F. CATON'S XXX VITAL RESTORERS. A Legitimate Specific without an offensive feature. Immediate relief and final cure complete is guaranteed. Sold only by Dr. R. F. CATON, Box 5257, Boston, Mass. Package by mail, $1; 6 for $5. Sealed information free to all.

R. R. R.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs
Inflammation, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Headache,
Toothache, Influenza,
Difficult Breathing,

CURED BY

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In cases of LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF NEVER FAILS to give immediate ease.

The following was received by mail through W. H. Blyth, Druggist, Mt. Pleasant, Texas.

MR. W. H. BLYTH—Sir: "In compliance with your request to furnish you with the results of my knowledge and experience with Dr. Radway's R. R., in reply I can state that I have been using Radway's Remedies since 1862. I know the Ready Relief to be more reliable for Colds, Pleurisy, Pneumonia and diseases growing out of colds; for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism and Aches, and pains generally, than any remedy I have ever known tried. From my personal knowledge of the Radway Remedies, I think them all superior to any remedies of which I have any knowledge, for all the ills for which they are recommended.

Respectfully,
T. R. SKIDMORE,
Pastor Green Hill Presbyterian Church.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE SAFEST AND MOST CERTAIN

PAIN REMEDY

In the world, that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It never fails in giving ease to the sufferer of pain from whatever cause arising; it is truly the great

CONQUEROR OF PAIN!

And has done more good than any known remedy.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, bruises, bites of insects, stiff neck, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Croup, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold, Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost-bites.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or, deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

"Your Pills have done me more good (for Dyspepsia) than all the doctor's medicine that I have taken." ROBERT A. PAGE.
NEWPORT, KY.

"For many years had been afflicted with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, but got your Pills and they made a perfect cure. WILLIAM NOONAN.
BLANCHARD, MICH.

"For over three years I have been troubled with Dyspepsia, and found no relief until I used your Pills. They have cured me." THOMAS McCULLA.
OMAHA, NEB.

"Used to suffer greatly from biliousness and Sick Headache, until I tried your Pills. They are the best I ever tried." LOUIS COSTA.
CAMDEN, N. J.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

GOOD SENSE

Corded CORSET WAISTS

BEST for Health and Comfort. PERFECT FIT for all ages.

THOUSANDS now in use by BEAUTIFUL WOMEN and HEALTHY CHILDREN.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.

Ferris' Patent RING BUCKLE at hip for HOSE Supporters.

TAPE fastened BUTTONS. Cord-Edge Button Holes.

Buttons at front—instead of Clasps.
Children—.50 .70 .75
Misses—.70 .75 .80 .85
Young Ladies—1.00 1.10
Ladies—1.00 1.25 1.50 1.75 2.00

Mailed free on receipt of price—Send for Circular and Price List.

FERRIS BROS., Mfrs., 341 Broadway, N. Y.
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO, Wholesale Western Agents.

FOR SALE by ALL LEADING RETAILERS. CORSET AND DRY GOODS STORES IN PHILA.

Co-operation Reduces Cost

A Watch for $38

Fully EQUAL for Accuracy, Durability, Appearance and Service, to any $75.00 Watch.

Philadelphia's building associations have done much toward building it up and making it the city of homes. The same *system of co-operation* carefully & economically managed, has built up *The Keystone Watch Club Co.* until they are now selling *more Watches* to consumers than all others combined. They handle only the

Keystone Dust-proof Watch

which is deservedly regarded as the crown and climax of Pennsylvania's manufactures. This Watch contains every essential to an accurate timekeeper, and many important improvements patented by the Company. They are Dust and Damp Proof, a quality possessed by no other movement in the world. Jeweled with genuine rubies. Patent Stem Wind & Set. Strongest and simplest. Sold through authorized agents at $32.00. Either all cash down or $1.00 per week.

An Ajax Watch Insulator given free with each Watch.

Keystone Watch Club Co

Main Office in Company's Own Building,
904 Walnut St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA
Agents Wanted

AJAX Watch Insulator, $2.00

A perfect protection against magnetism. Fit any watch. Sent by mail on receipt of price. *We refer to any Commercial Agency.*

OUR **$10** 14-Karat Gold Filled CHAIN is guaranteed to wear 20 Years, and is 33⅓ 14-Karat Solid Gold

Look for the stamp —K. W. C. Co. 14 K. F. L. D.— and buy the BEST.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is, naturally dry and needs an oil.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, Philadelphia.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Fashions, New and Old.

The Directoire and the early French Empire fashions once more rule the dress of womankind. The Directoire is the dominant style by day, and the Empire is that of the evening. Embroideresses and braiders are busier with their needles than they have been for many years, for as in bygone days, gala dresses, walking costumes and morning gowns, *negligées*, and underlinen are all to be largely ornamented with needlework.

The inelegance of the revolutionary epoch in France was followed by a reaction towards luxury. All the world for a while seemed to go masquerading.

The artists of the time, with David at their head, inculcated a taste for the classic in dress; but before the true notes of seemliness and grace were struck, the wildest extravagances in dresses were perpetrated. A rage for wearing as much false hair and as few garments as possible possessed the ladies in the early days of the Directoire costume.

When the populace, clad in brown sackcloth, were still dancing the Carmagnole, and the headsman was busy with the guillotine, the *muscadins* and *muscadines* braved death by wearing, in token of their royalist sympathies, luxuriant blonde wigs.

Wigs of every color were worn. Mme. Tallien possessed thirty wigs. Fair ladies are expected to have a brown wig in their collection of perruques; dark-haired women a fair wig.

Blonde locks remained so much in favor, that children with heads crowned with golden curls, ran risks of being stolen; many were decoyed into candy shops and there shorn of their locks.

To day there is a tendency to wear false hair of various color. At some places ladies have appeared with different colored hair at different hours of the day.

A sarcastic description of a lady's trousseau in 1796 sets it down as consisting of three hundred and sixty-five headdresses, of as many pairs of sandals, of six hundred dresses, and twelve chemises.

After the return of tranquility however, society once more began to form into coteries. During the early days of the Directoire there were few gatherings at private houses. The dread of appearing wealthy and luxurious kept many hostesses from opening their houses.

Of all adornments none were prized so highly as flowers. The Directoire ladies had a passion for flowers—wreaths of flowers on the head, flowers on the hem of the dress, clusters of flowers everywhere. The imitation of flowers was carried to artistic perfection, and artificial flower makers were unrivalled in their craft.

Rousseau preached love of nature; the ladies of society now posed as his disciples, and an affectation of naturalness influenced the fashions.

Rouge and wigs were discarded; a certain disorder of locks was not considered inadmissable even on gala occasions.

Vanity Fair more and more circles round the figure of Buonaparte; his campaigns influence daily life in all its details.

By his side Josephine appears, a graceful figure, luxurious in her tastes, devoted to dress, giving as plain Mme. Buonaparte, a keynote to the fashions of the day.

Her love of flowers, of splendid textures, the care that she lavished upon her person, surround her with a charm of coquetry. She would change her linen three times a day.

Her morning dresses were *peignoirs* of muslin richly trimmed with English point or Mechlin lace. At her private dancing parties, a bevy of pretty women came, who wore white crepe draped *a la* Grecque, and clasps of diamonds or cameos at the shoulders, wreaths of flowers on their heads and on their gowns.

Josephine sparkled with jewels, and wore flowers in her hair until far advanced into middle life.

Flowers and gems are worn now as much as they were worn then.

Turbans came more into fashion after Buonaparte's campaign in Egypt. Everything Oriental became fashionable then.

Gilt ring stuffs, white muslin covered with gold and silver thread embroidery, were worn in ample folds round the head. The turbans were sometimes dorned with three plumes, and sometimes with an aigrette of jewels.

By the end of the century religion had begun to sweeten life once more. We hear of white-veiled young girls publicly taken into the church, the bridal dress worn once more before the altar.

The bridal dress of the Directoire period contrasts favorably with the elaborate display of more modern wedding gowns. It was essentially virginal, and brought no suggestions of the ball dress in its delicate modesty.

High to the throat, short-waisted, long sleeved, falling in a train behind, the wedding dress was of Indian muslin, embroidered up the front breadth. A high frill of lace covered the neck, a little cap of lace wreathed with orange blossoms, from which depended a long veil of lace, enveloping the bride from head to foot, completed the toilette.

We have noticed the taste for fine linen displayed by the men and women of that time. The *corbeille de mariage*, which early in the present century once more figures in fashionable annals, was filled with piles of linen all trimmed with embroidery and lace.

Every detail of feminine underlinen was exquisitely wrought. Preoccupation for the prettiness of underclothing is a feature of the present fashions. The *lingeres* of to day are as busy executing delicate needlework as were those of ninety years ago.

The revival of embroidery is one of the greatest features of fashions. Exquisite work on silk, crepe, and muslin dresses will be worn this coming spring.

Partly floral, and partly geometrical in design, exquisitely harmonized in color, worked with a great variety of stitches, these embroideries sometimes run around the front breadth of the skirt; oftener they are placed on the panel at the left side of the skirt, a few inches above the edge. These embroideries are worked in tender harmonies of color.

For evening wear, gold and silver thread is much used, as it was when young Mme. Junot danced the minuet at a ball given in honor of her marriage with General Buonaparte's aid-de-camp, in a dress gleaming with silver needlework.

Mme. Declere, *la belles des belles* remained classic in her adornments. She moves through the pages of those various memoirs like some animated statue of a Muse or a Rasmarna.

We see her at one ball, her hair bound with bands of fur, and a wreath of gold vine leaves; her long Greek tunic embroidered with gold vine leaves at the hem; cameos at her waist, and fastening her sleeveless tunic at the shoulders.

Mme. Bacciochi had a more electic taste. She was the blue-stocking of the family. With womanly instinct, she was not averse to uniting the art of dress to that of letters. She was the foundress of a literary society of ladies, and she designed the costume she wished the learned dames to adopt.

It consisted of a long, sleeveless Greek tunic, over which was effectively draped a red cashemire shawl. A wreath of gold laurel leaves was surmounted by a muslin turban, embroidered in colored silks.

We do not hear if the ladies adopted the costume, but we know that Mme. Bacciochi lectured to them thus attired.

Odds and Ends.

CARE OF THE HEALTH.

The many causes to which colds are attributed do little mischief, except when brought to bear upon a system already prepared for them, by inattention to laws of health regarding diet, bathing, exercise and other conditions requisite to secure the proper elimination of waste matters from the body.

Air tight houses, close and unventilated, over heated rooms, even the quantity or clothing required are active causes, preventing developing of hardihood. As a result colds and catarrh are universal maladies among civilized people.

Nearly every one knows how humiliating a thing a cold in the head is; never quite so dangerous as "lung trouble," the misery is almost as great.

There are many varieties of colds; for instance, the orthodox cold, which begins after sitting in a draught, with chilly and creeping feelings up the back, culminating in a sneeze.

Another kind will announce itself without a feeling, simply sneezing; and, again, some take cold in the throat and afterwards in the head. Then there is the catching cold or "influenza," the cause of which is assigned to "ozone clouds."

The commonest way of catching cold is through draughts, especially if one is exhausted or overheated, getting the feet wet; and here let me recommend rubbing the feet with alcohol.

For persons with vigorous health, good circulation and freely acting skins, nothing is more wholesome than the morning cold bath and scrub down afterwards with rough towels. It is strengthening to the spine and nervous system, and the best preventive against cold.

Those who cannot bear the cold bath might train themselves to it by the right methods; these would be to bathe only a portion of the body at a time in a warm room, drying themselves with the "hair glove" to toughen the skin and get up a good circulation of the blood.

Persons whose skins are poor in the secretion of the sebaceous glands ought not to bathe too often, as they lose more of the sebaceous material than they can spare, thus leaving the skin hard and powdery, therefore susceptible to all changes of temperature.

This can be counteracted by rubbing at night with salad oil. A teaspoonful will be sufficient for the body. Then wear woolen night dresses and rub off in the morning with a dry towel.

Take a hot bath once a week, that will be sufficient for cleanliness, as the skin purifies itself to a large extent.

Let me suggest here lung gymnastics. They are of undeniable utility to flat chested people, to round shoulders, and to those in the incipiency of phthisis.

By these exercises (which must be properly learned) full inspirations are established, and the least available parts of the lungs—the apices—receive their full complement of air, and are stimulated to throw off any existing infiltrated products.

For children liable to colds nothing is better than a good rubbing nightly with cod liver oil; wearing woolen nightgowns. Sponge them off in the morning and no unpleasant odor remains. The effect is so beneficial that all objection to this treatment ought to be laid aside.

Wear woolen or silk underclothing (wool is decidedly better as it is porous), strong boots, rubbers always in wet weather.

In regard to cold curing, nearly every one has his own treatment. A few suggestions, however, may not come amiss. The "nightcap" treatment is often tried with success.

Another efficacious remedy is hot onion gruel, and eating a quantity of highly salted food is good. Glycerine, with cream or whiskey, will relieve a paroxysm of coughing.

Children may be given a few drops of spirits of nitre, bathing the feet in hot mustard water and copious drinks of warm lemonade.

Those unsightly things, "herpes," or cold sores, should never be rubbed, as the vesicles burst and crusts form. The application of a little "camphor ice" or fresh cold cream will be found very soothing.

Cold rooms, for those with a low bodily temperature, are extremely undesirable. It is just as injurious for those with constitutional weakness to occupy cold rooms as it is to get into a cold bath.

These persons, and particularly females, should never dress in a room without a fire in winter, and, while some persons with robust natures can stand one of these reception rooms where people keep the blinds closed for fear of spoiling the carpets, most persons will contract a severe cold during a half hour's stay in such a place.

If such a place feels damp, and one feels after entering that he has a chill—and a chill is almost always, though not invariably, the first symptom of a cold—he should leave such a place, or insist on being shown into some other apartment. This may happen in the middle of summer.

There are many people who are apt to regard a cold as a mere trifle, and not worthy of any special care; yet in the same breath, if you attempt to console them, they will assert that a cold is one of the most annoying maladies one could be subjected to.

In its incipiency a cold is not a very dangerous thing of itself, but if allowed to remain it may be productive of serious results in bronchial trouble and gradually continue until consumption sets in.

As it is Wrote.—A good specimen of "how English is wrote" at Shanghai is the announcement which an enterprising Celestial man has had printed on labels and affixed to all packets of his own special make of cigarettes: "E. Loe Sung, Manufactured & Co., revolve the different minill. Frankmenese, and Cigarettes and Finest, Tobacco rolled all by big best class. Please regards to E. At Hongkow Road Shanghai." After reading this, it would be useless to dispute with those who assert that English is to be the universal language of the future.

Two young husbands bid against one another at an auction sale in Cleveland recently for a copy of a cook book. A paper of that city, remarks: What do you suppose called for such strife, and what would the wives of the young men say if they heard of such conduct out in public? The husband that had been the longer married got the book. He was (presumably) desperate.

Confidential Correspondents.

Extract.—Entree really means "entry:" small side or corner dishes served with the first course.

Constant.—The Gulf Stream flows out of the Gulf of Mexico, between the coasts of Florida on one side and Cuba and the Bahama Island and shoals on the other.

L. H. W.—Canada was founded by the French in 1608, and held by them for a century and a half; in 1759 they were supplanted by the English under Wolfe and Amherst.

H. E. W.—The story of the Roman girl who suckled her father, and so preserved his life when sentenced to die of starvation, is generally known as the "Grecian Daughter."

F. C. G.—In olden times, on the death of her husband, the lady would remain in seclusion and adopt the garb of a nun until the period of mourning was up; she did not, however, take a vow. The weeds are supposed to be modifications of the nun's dress, and date from the middle ages.

Hercules.—In popular use no distinction is observed between the words "acrobat" and "gymnast." But, regarded strictly, the former has a much more limited scope than the latter, an acrobat being one who dances on a tight-rope (from a Greek word, which expresses walking on one's toes), while a gymnast is one who practices any branch of athletics.

Baltimore.—Mrs. Malaprop is a character in Sheridan's play "The Rivals." She is a pretentious old lady who indulges in fine language and fine airs, and in her ignorance perverts the meaning of words in the most ludicrous manner. Some of her sayings, such as "Comparisons are odorous" and "Headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile," have become proverbial. The name comes from the French mal apropos or "out of place, untimely."

Ella.—To get rid of nervousness while playing on the pianoforte, think of the music, and not of yourself. Play on, and don't "fidget yourself better or worse than you are. The two chief causes of nervous trembling in young people are diffidence and vanity—the latter as often as the former. The intense desire to show off and gain applause is as much a weakness as the inability. Be natural and unaffected, and you will have little to apprehend.

M. A. P.—Black is not the universal color for mourning all over the world. It is the European one for the expression of grief; in China, white is considered appropriate; in Ethiopia, brown is the color; and in Turkey, violet. Some Eastern nations express their sorrow by refraining from washing themselves for a certain time, varying with the supposed magnitude of their loss. On extraordinary occasions the dirt accumulates for a month.

Information.—If your violin is really a good one, do not attempt the repairs yourself. Any business directory will give you a list of makers and repairers of the violin who would tell you free of charge if the instrument were worth repairing, and its probable cost. The only cleaning necessary is that which can be done with an ordinary soft duster. The varnishes used for the violin are very expensive, and their composition is very often a secret. You must not, however, think of revarnishing; good violins are not wanted to look smart.

A. B. C.—We should say, "We find a score of people who are," etc., and "the family are out." "Such a one as I am." Your handwriting is vulgar. Do not make so many twists and curls. The more simply and evenly you write, the better in every way. Dolce far niente is Italian, and means "sweet do nothing"—"sweet idleness." In fact, "Fictile" has reference to pottery. "Fictile earth is more frazile than crude earth," says Bacon. The word is derived from the Latin Fictili. It means that sort which is moulded into form by art, and suitable for the potter.

Primrose.—"When there is a will there is a way" to cure stooping heads and rounded shoulders. You must learn to sit upright and stand firmly on your two feet, striving to bear it always in mind. An upright carriage is what we are intended to have, as our spines are a kind of mainmast to the rigging of our bodies. God made them quite strong enough for the purpose, you may be quite sure. Stooping is generally the result of carelessness and inattention. If there be any weakness from overgrowth, you should lie quite flat on your back for two hours a day, not all at once, but for half an hour at a time.

Lampern.—"Kissing under the mistletoe" is a relic of Scandinavian mythology. Loki hated Balder, the Apollo of the North, and as all things that sprang from fire, earth, air and water had been sworn not to hurt the celestial favorite, the wicked spirit made an arrow of mistletoe, which he gave to blind Hoder to test. The god of darkness shot the arrow and killed Balder. Being restored to life at the urgent request of the gods, the mistletoe was given to the goddess of love to keep, and every one who passed under it received a kiss, because that the branch was the emblem of love and not of death.

Judith.—All the right or wrong would depend on the peculiar circumstances of the case. If the gentleman was an accepted lover, any his greedy presumption might be tolerated—only for once—be indulged in a timid, unusual sort of way; but if only an admirer, or lover on the treadmill of expectation, such a request should be refused point-blank, and with as much indignation as the special occasion would warrant. In courtship, the old, old adage about too much familiarity should always be borne in mind. A young girl cannot be too reserved. But there is a wide difference between affected prudery and boydenish freedom. The happy medium is the maiden's safety, for then she commands her lover's respect, and, in doing so, wins what he covets from even the most audacious of the other sex.

Vera.—The following cement may be used in mending anything that is made of India-rubber. Cut into the thinnest possible slices, as pieces of virgin India-rubber, and with sharp scissors divide these into very fine threads. Put a small quantity of the threads into a bottle—say one-tenth or one-fifth of the capacity of the bottle—and fill it three-quarters full with benzine of good quality, which should be perfectly free from oil. Almost immediately the rubber will swell up; in a few days, especially if shaken well, it will assume the consistency of honey. If it inclines to remain in undissolved lumps, more benzine should be added; but if, on the other hand, it is too thin and watery, it needs more rubber. A piece of rubber the size of a walnut will be a sufficient quantity to make a great deal of this cement.